

School of Theology at Claremont



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HOES

ON THE

CHOIR OF NORWICH CATHEDRAL



WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY  
WILLIAM LEFROY, D.D.,  
CHAPLAIN OF NORWICH



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Echoes from the Choir of Norwich  
Cathedral.



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# *Echoes*

FROM THE

*Choir of Norwich Cathedral,*

BEING

## THE SERMONS

*Preached when it was Re-opened after Reparation,*

BY

HIS GRACE THE LORD ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY,

THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL,

THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF RIPON,

THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN,

THE VEN. THE ARCHDEACON OF WESTMINSTER, D.D., F.R.S.,

*Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen,*

*Chaplain to the House of Commons, &c.,*

THE VEN. THE ARCHDEACON OF LONDON, D.D.,

*Canon of St. Paul's,*

*Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, &c.*

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

WILLIAM LEFROY, D.D.,

DEAN OF NORWICH.

LONDON:

JARROLD & SONS, 10 & 11, WARWICK LANE, E.C.

1894.

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# CONTENTS.

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	PAGE
REPARATION OF NORWICH CATHEDRAL ... ..	7
THE LIVING SPIRIT THAT IS IN THE CHURCH ...	25
GOD'S ABIDING <u>PRESENCE</u> THROUGH THE AGES TYPIFIED BY THE STORY OF A CATHEDRAL ... ..	41
<u>CATHEDRALS</u> AND THEIR LESSONS ... ..	61
THE DAY OF GOD AND THE YEARS OF MEN ...	79
THE TEMPLE NOT MADE WITH HANDS ...	99
<u>REDEMPTION</u> AND <u>RESURRECTION</u> ... ..	115





## Reparation of Norwich Cathedral.



IN accordance with an Order in Chapter, made in the month of December, 1891, the Choir of Norwich Cathedral was closed for reparation in January, 1892, and from that time to the end of April, 1894, Divine Service was held in the Nave. The work which the Dean and Chapter then undertook, everyone at all acquainted with the Cathedral, will remember and acknowledge, was urgent and even imperative. It was initiated long before by Dean Goulburn. In his decanate, the roof of the nave and of the presbytery were cleansed of ochre, and the east end will ever indicate his loving care and his unstinted munificence. But much remained to be accomplished, and as the work proceeded it grew to dimensions far beyond anything the Dean and Chapter contemplated. The removal of the ochre revealed patches of mortar which was used to fill up cavities in the columns, the result

of decay or of destruction by fire. Norman recesses, windows, and even arcading were blocked up by rubble. Arches, soffits, wall surfaces, exhibiting destruction or decay, presented an amount of work which did not appear, so long as the ochre was undisturbed. One bay near the organ, and on the south triforium was a ruin, though a suggestive fragment of history. In that bay, the organ stood in pre-Reformation times. To place it there, six columns, three east and three west, were pitilessly cut away, as well as many columns inside on the triforium. That organ was destroyed by fire. The reddish tint which the stone bears is the result of the conflagration, and there can be but little doubt that the wind which fanned the flames blew from the north, since the reddish hue is more frequently observed in the south side of both choir and transepts than elsewhere. The organ was replaced by the present instrument, and it was erected on the Lyhart screen. The authorities of the period had then to deal with the bay, the columns of which their predecessors had demolished. They dealt with them in a way which can hardly be commended. They erected six columns of mortar, and even the zigzag moulding over the bay—which is so beautiful in our Cathedral—was constructed of the same material. When the workmen, during the present reparation, began to unflake the check work, it fell *en masse* upon the screen. The six mortar columns were movable by the merest touch. All these have been now con-

structed in stone, and it is interesting to note that on the outermost stones of the soffit, the mason's marks, probably of the thirteenth century, are discernible. These in this and in every other case have been carefully copied. The bays on the north side were also destroyed. These are also restored.

Looking back upon the work which the Dean and Chapter have been enabled to accomplish in two years and four months, it may be thus summarised :—

Windows, arcading, and Norman recesses which were blocked up for centuries, are now re-opened. Ancient frescoes are revealed. Bays, which were in a state of ruin, concealed, however, by plaster overlaid with ochre are now restored. The transept floors, which were covered over by wooden platforms, thus concealing the meridian line, are lowered to their original level, by which the bases and plinths of the noble Norman piers—concealed for hundreds of years—are brought into view. The insertion of the steps which lead to the presbytery impart dignity to the east end. They are on the site of the ancient rood screen. The modern transept screens, which obstructed the view and limited the accommodation, are removed; the wall surfaces, arches, and columns of the choir have been unflaked and repaired.

In the progress of this work, much interest was aroused by the discovery of ancient bricks, mason's marks, etc. When the bay on the north side of the

presbytery was being dealt with, it was found necessary to remove the wooden floor on which the small organ stood. When this was done, a stone coffin, greatly mutilated, was found. Under a piece of cocoa-matting, there was a considerable number of human bones. Dr. Charles Williams, of Prince of Wales' Road, kindly came and examined them most carefully. He gave it as his opinion they were the bones of a full-grown male. Sir Thomas Browne states in his "History of Norfolk," that the tomb of Sir Thomas Erpingham was near this bay, and accordingly, these may be the relics of the historic knight. They were replaced in the coffin, and covered with a case of lead, which now bears an inscription, indicating the date of their discovery, re-interment, and identity. The leaden case and the shattered coffin, are covered by the new flagging of the bay.

The beautiful stone roofs of the north and south transepts, with the bosses, are now revealed. The whole of the roof of the Cathedral is thus free of ochre—that of the nave and of the sanctuary having been cleaned some years since, through the munificence of Dean Goulburn.

In all this work, no ancient feature of the Cathedral has been interfered with, while several old characteristics have been recovered, after having been lost for centuries. Everything which is done was reported upon by either Sir Gilbert Scott or Mr. Pearson. Nothing which either

disapproved has been attempted. One fact may be stated to indicate the painful care with which all the work has been accomplished. The removal of the coatings of ochre seemed to be, comparatively, a trifling detail. In some old buildings it is removed by using a steel comb. This method is expeditious, effectual, and economical. But it ruins the old Norman tooling, which is so interesting a feature of ancient industry. To this the Dean and Chapter would never consent. They resolved, accordingly, to tap the columns with a chisel. The ochre fell off in flakes. Thus, the wash was removed, the tooling preserved, and in the Processional paths, north and south, a great deal of ancient painting was thereby saved. The nave ought to be unflaked in the same way as the choir, so that the symmetry of the Norman work—which is as simple as it is stately—may be exhibited throughout.

The Dean and Chapter are glad and grateful to be able to say that the unsightly pews which were in the Choir have, thanks to the kindness and influence of Mrs. A. R. Chamberlin and the ladies of her Stall Committee, been replaced by elbow stalls. The choir seats have been tiered. The ancient book boards have been used. Two bays in the presbytery, which were partly blocked up by wooden mullions and plaster have been re-opened. The flooring, in the triforia and in the clerestory of the Choir, has been laid in cement. Both the transepts have been furnished with suitable

chairs, and coming to the outside, three windows in the west wall of the north transept, which were in a state of ruin, have been renewed, while as much of the ancient mullions as were sound have been preserved. Three windows in the south triforium are being repaired, and a damp course, in cement, has been laid along the whole of the north side so as to prevent further damage to the foundations.

A great deal remains to be accomplished. Coming to the exterior, the north side of the Cathedral, including the parapets, several windows in the nave aisles, triforium, and choir, together with a vast wall surface, is in a deplorable condition. In one place the wall is bulged. The base mouldings have generally disappeared. The buttresses, traceried windows, and wall surfaces between the eastern side of the north transept and the Jesus Chapel are sadly dilapidated. Part of the Jesus Chapel is so destroyed as to be injurious to the fabric. The south side of the Cathedral is in a better condition, but several windows must be renewed. Much of the parapet, as well as of the coping, is gone; and in some places brick has been substituted for stone. The amount of lead required to protect the building from the weather is very great. This latter work is recommended to be undertaken at once.

Mr. Pearson approves the restoration of the Lady Chapel, which would be a worthy undertaking as a Memorial Gift. The same may be said of the desecrated



Chapel, now used as a fire house, and of the two unfinished towers of the west front, which are now covered by wooden casements. Such offerings would be gratefully welcomed. The Dean and Chapter, however, do not feel justified in undertaking more than is required for the due conduct of the services and for the security and durability of the fabric, except it be the re-erection of the two western towers.

*It will be observed that no ancient structural alteration is contemplated.*

The Dean and Chapter desire to record their grateful thanks to all who have helped them in the work, one section of which is now complete. They would especially thank Colonel Mansel, as the first donor to encourage them, with £500, nearly all of which has been spent. To the ex-Mayor of Norwich, Mr. A. R. Chamberlin, to whose hearty sympathy they owe the impetus their efforts received from the meeting in the Guildhall in the month of October, 1893, they desire to perpetuate their acknowledgements. To the Finance Committee they are also indebted. It includes, besides the ex-Mayor, Messrs. Geoffrey Buxton, I. B. Coaks, E. K. Harvey, S. Hoare, M.P., and H. S. Patteson. It is a pleasure to add that Dr. Bensly afforded counsel, invaluable and learned, in all matters connected with such historic details as appeared during the progress of the work. His help, readily given, was cordially welcomed. He has, too, caused all the bosses in the roof of each transept to be photographed.

To every work, there belongs a history, unknown and unwritten. No exemption from this experience can be claimed on behalf of that which is in one sense complete and in another sense begun in Norwich Cathedral. This much may, in this connection, be stated. The work was begun in prayer. Every Monday morning, masons and labourers met the Dean, in the Cathedral, for prayer. The work for each week was, under the guidance of the Architect, defined, and upon that work God's blessing was sought. And every Monday morning, praise was offered to Him that no accident to life or to limb happened in the week that had passed, and prayer was offered that all might be shielded from danger during the week that was to come. We praise God that our brother men, masons, labourers, joiners, gasfitters, ironworkers, had no hurt whatever in these two years and four months.

Another fact may not be omitted. During the progress of the work, we were, more than once, within easy distance of financial difficulty. Twice, certainly, all our funds for the work, amounted to £16. The Dean had promised the Chapter that whatever happened, he would never incur pecuniary liability, and never undertake work for which there was not money to pay. When our funds were all but exhausted, workmen were called together. They were informed by the Dean that unless funds came in, the work should cease and they would everyone lose their employment. God only

knows the anxiety that possessed us on these occasions. But prayer was offered. The promises of God were in Christ believingly claimed. He realised that our work was His. It was for His honour and glory. Efforts to raise funds were made. The means were provided, week after week, until all anxiety was abated, and we all learned afresh the unfailing power of the old promise: "The Lord will provide."

Nor is this all. Let it be stated, in all sincerity and truth—there is not a portion of the work that has not been laid before God in prayer.

The following is the list of subscriptions paid or promised up to the present:—

FIRST SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

	£	s.	d.
The Mayor of Norwich (Sir Peter Eade) ...	21	0	0
The Ex-Mayor of Norwich (A. R. Chamberlin) ...	100	0	0
The Lord Bishop of Norwich ...	100	0	0
The Dean and Chapter ...	250	0	0
Gurneys and Co. ...	500	0	0
E. K. Harvey, J.P. ...	105	0	0
Wm. Birkbeck, J.P. ...	100	0	0
I. B. Coaks, J.P. ...	100	0	0
Mrs. Dalrymple ...	100	0	0
Mrs. John Gurney ...	100	0	0
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Rev. Canon and Mrs. Ripley ...	100	0	0
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Mrs. M. T. Weller Poley ...	50	0	0
Canon de Chair ...	30	0	0
Sir Wm. Foster, Bart. ...	30	0	0

					£	s.	d.
F. Hinde and Son	...	...	...	...	30	0	0
Misses Bignold	...	...	...	...	25	0	0
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C. R. Gilman, J.P.	...	...	...	...	25	0	0
J. H. Gurney, J.P.	...	...	...	...	25	0	0
F. O. Taylor, J.P.	...	...	...	...	25	0	0
John Youngs ...	...	...	...	...	25	0	0
Mrs. Blake Humfrey	...	...	...	...	20	0	0
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Bishop Hills, the late	...	...	...	...	20	0	0
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Francis Taylor, M.P.	...	...	...	...	20	0	0
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I. W. Caley and Co.	...	...	...	...	15	0	0
Rev. Canon Collett	...	...	...	...	15	0	0
J. J. and Miss Winter	...	...	...	...	15	0	0
G. C. Eaton ...	...	...	...	...	10	10	0
J. F. France ...	...	...	...	...	10	10	0
T. C. R. King	...	...	...	...	10	10	0
J. Hotblack, J.P.	...	...	...	...	10	10	0
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H. W. B. Edwards, J.P. ...	...	...	...	...	10	0	0
Rev. George France	...	...	...	...	10	0	0
H. E. France ...	...	...	...	...	10	0	0
Miss Gorell ...	...	...	...	...	10	0	0
Rev. P. P. and Mrs. Gwyn	...	...	...	...	10	0	0
Rev. C. D. Lawrence	...	...	...	...	10	0	0
Miss Tatlock ...	...	...	...	...	10	0	0
Lieut.-Col. C. W. J. Unthank, High Sheriff of Norfolk	...	...	...	...	10	0	0
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Mrs. J. J. Gurney	...	...	...	...	5	0	0
Lieut.-Col. W. J. Heaviside	...	...	...	...	5	0	0
Col. Wm. Herring	...	...	...	...	5	0	0
R. J. Mills ...	...	...	...	...	5	0	0
Rev. Minor Canon Moore	...	...	...	...	5	0	0

# *Reparation of Norwich Cathedral.*

17

	£	s.	d.
Richard Rogers .. .. .	5	0	0
Henry Stonex .. .. .	5	0	0
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Col. H. Wood, C.B. .. .. .	5	0	0
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Major A. W. Bell .. .. .	1	0	0
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Cathedral Offertories .. .. .	15	13	7
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	£2967	3	7

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	£387	0	0

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R. T. Gurdon .. .. .	10	0	0
W. H. Hackblock .. .. .	10	0	0
J. F. Boswell... .. .	6	6	0

	£	s.	d.
W. T. F. Jarrold ... ..	6	6	0
A Father and Two Sons ordained in Norwich Cathedral ...	5	5	0
E. T. Dowson ... ..	5	5	0
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Mrs. Dennis Barnard ... ..	5	0	0
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Charles Stanley ... ..	5	0	0
The Rev. Canon Turncock ... ..	5	0	0
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Miss Buxton (Shadwell Court) ... ..	3	0	0
Mrs. A. T. Hall ... ..	3	0	0
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S. Johnson Taylor ... ..	2	2	0
Alfred Woods ... ..	2	2	0
The Rev. Canon Campbell ... ..	2	0	0
Lady Buxton (Shadwell Court) ... ..	2	0	0
"Swaffham" ... ..	2	0	0
Mrs. Sarah Barnett ... ..	1	1	0
William Banks ... ..	1	1	0
The Rev. R. A. Bosanquet ... ..	1	1	0
The Rev. W. H. and Mrs. Cooke ... ..	1	1	0
The Rev. A. J. Hunter ... ..	1	1	0
The Very Rev. the Dean of Killala ... ..	1	1	0
Captain Talbot ... ..	1	1	0
Anonymous ... ..	1	0	0
Miss Florence M. Eaton ... ..	0	10	6
A Friend ... ..	0	10	0
Anonymous ... ..	0	5	0
Miss B. E. Turner ... ..	0	5	0
Cathedral Offertories ... ..	5	16	7

# *Reparation of Norwich Cathedral.*

19

## ADDITIONAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

	£	s.	d.
Lord Amherst of Hackney ... ..	100	0	0
Lord Calthorpe ... ..	10	0	0
Lord Rosebery ... ..	50	0	0
Thos. L. Hare, M.P. ... ..	50	0	0
Charles Crawshaw ... ..	25	0	0
A. J. Caley ... ..	10	10	0
George S. Hotblack ... ..	10	10	0
The Rev. R. Barry ... ..	10	0	0
W. Smith (Messrs. Chamberlin and Smith) ... ..	10	0	0
Messrs. Hansell and Hales ... ..	10	10	0
Mrs. Ormsby ... ..	6	6	0
The Rev. Christopher Crofts ... ..	5	5	0
T. L. Lack ... ..	5	5	0
George May ... ..	5	0	0
Mrs. Jane Tallent ... ..	5	0	0
The Rev. W. Barlee ... ..	2	2	0
The Rev. A. W. L. Rivett ... ..	2	2	0
R. J. Wood ... ..	2	0	0
W. C. Bidwill ... ..	1	1	0
A. H. Goose ... ..	1	1	0
W. H. Thorold ... ..	1	1	0
Rev. Canon Owen, LL.D. ... ..	1	1	0
A Member of the Dean's Bible Class ... ..	1	0	0
Miss Elsy ... ..	1	0	0
J. W. Hallam ... ..	0	5	0
Cathedral Offertories ... ..	118	6	10
	£514	5	10

## MRS. A. R. CHAMBERLIN'S STALL FUND.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Beavor (per Mrs. Bensly) ... ..	10	0	0
Mrs. Bensly, Collected by ... ..	10	0	0
C. J. Brown ... ..	10	0	0
Lady Bullard ... ..	10	0	0
Mrs. A. R. Chamberlin ... ..	10	0	0
Mrs. Coaks ... ..	10	10	0
Mrs. Crosse, Collected by ... ..	29	12	6
Mrs. Charles Foster ... ..	10	10	0
Rev. E. F. Gilbard ... ..	10	0	0
Lady Sophia Heaviside, Collected by ... ..	10	3	0
Mrs. S. Hoare ... ..	10	0	0
Mrs. Jackson (per Mrs. Crosse) ... ..	10	10	0
Mrs. Lefroy ... ..	10	0	0
Mrs. Lucas, Collected by ... ..	10	11	0
Mrs. Thomas Mann (per Mrs. Lefroy) ... ..	10	0	0
Mrs. Mansel ... ..	10	0	0
Ditto Collected by (including the Dean's Bible Class) ... ..	30	0	0
Mrs. H. S. Patteson ... ..	10	0	0
Mrs. Simms Reeve ... ..	10	0	0
Colonel Perry ... ..	10	0	0
Mrs. Upcher ... ..	10	0	0
The Lay Clerks ... ..	11	5	0
Collected in small sums ... ..	14	5	0
	£277	6	6

			£	s.	d.
First Subscription List	...	...	2967	3	7
Cromer List	...	...	387	0	0
Second List	...	...	350	4	1
Additional	...	...	514	5	10
Mrs. A. R. Chamberlin's Stall Fund	...	...	277	6	6
Total	...	...	£4496	0	0

A few words as to the Re-opening Ceremony will not be out of place. The kind consent of His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury to visit the Cathedral and the City was most welcome to the whole diocese. An effort made to induce Dean Goulburn to re-visit the scene of his labours and for which he had done so much was, unhappily, not so successful. But to have had the aid—given cheerfully and at the cost of great labour at such a season of the year—of the Ven. the Archdeacon of London, the Ven. the Archdeacon of Westminster, the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Ripon, the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Sodor and Man, and the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Liverpool—is most encouraging and most thankworthy.

The sermons preached at such a time quickened an interest which was felt far and wide. The requests for their publication were numerous and imperative, and if there was one persuasion more influential than another, it was the references which were made by the gifted preachers to the removal of the beloved Chief Pastor and Bishop, who had, for so many years served his generation by the will of God, and fell on sleep as the



doors of the Cathedral in which he worshipped were about to be re-opened. The words of the Archbishop will live long where life is love. They were heard amid the hushed rapture of hearts, on whose hearing the steps of the Master had just fallen. So true, so pathetic, so uplifting, tender in their strength, strong in their tenderness. And the preachers who followed, touched, without an approach to design, chords which awoke melodious memories and hallowed hopes. Who would let them die? May they live in our hearts! May our lives be what these discourses are designed to be: "Echoes from the Choir" of our Cathedral.

WILLIAM LEFROY, D.D., DEAN.

*The Deancry, Norwich,*

*June 4th, 1894.*





The Living Spirit that is in the Church.





# The Living Spirit that is in the Church.

BY THE

LORD ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

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We will not commit so great a presumptuousness as to estimate or measure the position of Bishop Pelham before his diocese. But we should be thankful if we could worthily impress upon ourselves the pattern of Christian life which we always felt that he set before us. His shrewd but gentle wisdom, the tact and kindness and the penetration with which he bore his part in the discussion of differences, the calm—yes, and the calming—dignity with which his manly utterance was charged—to those things I can bear witness. Everyone who saw him bears witness to this, the certainty that the spirit expressed in that sincere face had not only long ruled itself by the law of God, but was living in sympathy with the will of God. The grace of God was visibly not only present, but dearly cherished. His labour was love, his privacy was prayer, his generosity was known but to God. God has called him in Peace unto Peace, has given him his consummation in the hour of our dedication, has granted him a rest in the sight of the loved spire, in hearing of the loved bells that symbolized his service and his message.

May God grant to you, my Brother, his successor, such wisdom and such influence, such labour and such love, such a magnanimous and tender spirit, such faith, and such confidence in Christ.

I turn to a text which receives a fresh light from beneath the cloud to-day :—

“Oh, what great troubles and adversities hast Thou showed me, and yet didst Thou turn and refresh me, yea, and broughtest me from the deep of the earth again. Thou hast brought me to great honour, and comforted me on every side. Therefore will I praise Thee and Thy faithfulness, O God, playing upon an instrument of musick” (Psalm lxxi. 18).

This beautiful and attractive psalm is in some ways a singular psalm. It describes a career felt to have been without any exception, through trouble and through persecution, a career righteously and lovingly ordered. Life has been a stormy day, but the sunset is a golden one. Peace, honour, and consolation at the close shall more than recompense the effort and adversity of youth. This alone is enough to detach it from the conjectural authorship of Jeremiah. The weeping prophet does not dwell on his old age of happiness. But, indeed, the Psalm scarcely seems to be a psalm of individual life. It is largely a composite psalm; not a personal voice of either joy or agony, but a beautifully woven cento from several psalms and other parts of Scripture. It is scarcely thus that either the heart-broken man or the healed sufferer expresses himself naturally. Again, though he speaks of God's care of him when a new-born babe, and shrinks from the thought of deserted grey hairs, yet even these are expressions taken from Isaiah, when Isaiah speaks touchingly and tenderly of the fortunes of all Israel—of Israel as a people and as a Church. "Oh, house of Israel," says Isaiah, speaking for God, "Oh, house of Israel, which are borne by me from the belly, which are carried from the womb! and even to your old age I am he, and even to hoary hairs will I carry you."

The psalm is exactly like these promises turned into prayers. "By thee have I been holden up ever since I was born, Thou art He that took me out of my mother's womb . . . Cast me not away in the time of age, forsake me not when my strength faileth me; forsake me not when I am old and grey-headed."

	£	s.	d.
W. T. F. Jarrold ... ..	6	6	0
A Father and Two Sons ordained in Norwich Cathedral ...	5	5	0
E. T. Dowson ... ..	5	5	0
Francis Hornor ... ..	5	5	0
The Venerable Archdeacon Perowne ... ..	5	5	0
E. P. Simpson ... ..	5	5	0
The Rev. Canon Venables ... ..	5	5	0
Mrs. Dennis Barnard ... ..	5	0	0
R. G. Bagshaw ... ..	5	0	0
The Rev. J. F. Bateman ... ..	5	0	0
Mrs. Berney (2nd donation) ... ..	5	0	0
The Rev. Precentor Barrett, the late ... ..	5	0	0
The Rev. C. R. Ferguson Davie ... ..	5	0	0
Miss E. Temple Frere ... ..	5	0	0
The Rev. Sidney Pelham ... ..	5	0	0
H. S. Robinson ... ..	5	0	0
Miss Cecilia W. Scott ... ..	5	0	0
Charles Stanley ... ..	5	0	0
The Rev. Canon Turncock ... ..	5	0	0
The Dean's Junior Clergy Breakfast Party ... ..	4	0	0
Mrs. Benstead ... ..	3	3	0
Miss Buxton (Shadwell Court) ... ..	3	0	0
Mrs. A. T. Hall ... ..	3	0	0
The Rev. C. B. Mayhew ... ..	3	0	0
E. G. Anderson (Mayor of Aldeburgh) ... ..	2	2	0
Sir Frederick Bateman ... ..	2	2	0
The Rev. W. Fellowes ... ..	2	2	0
Mrs. F. Hornor ... ..	2	2	0
The Rev. T. Harrison ... ..	2	2	0
The Rev. Canon Raven ... ..	2	2	0
The Rev. H. Ray ... ..	2	2	0
Mrs. M. L. Simpson ... ..	2	2	0
S. Johnson Taylor ... ..	2	2	0
Alfred Woods ... ..	2	2	0
The Rev. Canon Campbell ... ..	2	0	0
Lady Buxton (Shadwell Court) ... ..	2	0	0
"Swaffham" ... ..	2	0	0
Mrs. Sarah Barnett ... ..	1	1	0
William Banks ... ..	1	1	0
The Rev. R. A. Bosanquet ... ..	1	1	0
The Rev. W. H. and Mrs. Cooke ... ..	1	1	0
The Rev. A. J. Hunter ... ..	1	1	0
The Very Rev. the Dean of Killala ... ..	1	1	0
Captain Talbot ... ..	1	1	0
Anonymous ... ..	1	0	0
Miss Florence M. Eaton ... ..	0	10	6
A Friend ... ..	0	10	0
Anonymous ... ..	0	6	0
Miss B. E. Turner ... ..	0	5	0
Cathedral Offertories ... ..	5	16	7



ADDITIONAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

	£	s.	d.
Lord Amherst of Hackney	100	0	0
Lord Calthorpe	10	0	0
Lord Rosebery	50	0	0
Thos. L. Hare, M.P.	30	0	0
Charles Crawshay	25	0	0
A. J. Caley	10	10	0
George S. Hotblack	10	10	0
The Rev. R. Barry	10	0	0
W Smith (Messrs. Chamberlin and Smith)	10	0	0
Messrs Hansell and Hales	10	10	0
Mrs. Ormsby	6	6	0
The Rev. Christopher Crofts	5	5	0
T. L. Lack	5	5	0
George May	5	0	0
Mrs. Jane Tallent	5	0	0
The Rev. W. Barlee	2	2	0
The Rev. A. W. L. Rivett	2	2	0
R. J. Wood	2	0	0
W. C. Bidwill	1	1	0
A H. Goose	1	1	0
W. H. Thorold	1	1	0
Rev. Canon Owen, LL.D.	1	1	0
A Member of the Dean's Bible Class	1	0	0
Miss Elsy	1	0	0
J. W. Hallam	0	5	0
Cathedral Offertories	118	6	10
	£514	5	10

MRS. A. R. CHAMBERLIN'S STALL FUND.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Beevor (per Mrs Bensly)	10	0	0
Mrs. Bensly, Collected by	10	0	0
C. J Brown	10	0	0
Lady Bullard	10	0	0
Mrs. A. R. Chamberlin	10	0	0
Mrs. Coaks	10	10	0
Mrs. Crosse, Collected by	29	12	6
Mrs. Charles Foster	10	10	0
Rev. E. F. Gilbard	10	0	0
Lady Sophia Heaviside, Collected by	10	3	0
Mrs. S. Hoare	10	0	0
Mrs. Jackson (per Mrs. Crosse)	10	10	0
Mrs. Lefroy	10	0	0
Mrs. Lucas, Collected by	10	11	0
Mrs Thomas Mann (per Mrs. Lefroy)	10	0	0
Mrs. Mansel	10	0	0
Ditto Collected by (including the Dean's Bible Class)	30	0	0
Mrs. H. S. Patteson	10	0	0
Mrs. Simms Reeve	10	0	0
Colonel Perry	10	0	0
Mrs. Upcher	10	0	0
The Lay Clerks	11	5	0
Collected in small sums	14	5	0
	£277	6	6

			£	s.	d.
First Subscription List	...	...	2967	3	7
Cromer List	...	...	387	0	0
Second List	...	...	350	4	1
Additional	...	...	514	5	10
Mrs. A. R. Chamberlin's Stall Fund	...	...	277	6	6
Total	...	...	£4496	0	0

A few words as to the Re-opening Ceremony will not be out of place. The kind consent of His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury to visit the Cathedral and the City was most welcome to the whole diocese. An effort made to induce Dean Goulburn to re-visit the scene of his labours and for which he had done so much was, unhappily, not so successful. But to have had the aid—given cheerfully and at the cost of great labour at such a season of the year—of the Ven. the Archdeacon of London, the Ven. the Archdeacon of Westminster, the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Ripon, the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Sodor and Man, and the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Liverpool—is most encouraging and most thankworthy.

The sermons preached at such a time quickened an interest which was felt far and wide. The requests for their publication were numerous and imperative, and if there was one persuasion more influential than another, it was the references which were made by the gifted preachers to the removal of the beloved Chief Pastor and Bishop, who had, for so many years served his generation by the will of God, and fell on sleep as the

doors of the Cathedral in which he worshipped were about to be re-opened. The words of the Archbishop will live long where life is love. They were heard amid the hushed rapture of hearts, on whose hearing the steps of the Master had just fallen. So true, so pathetic, so uplifting, tender in their strength, strong in their tenderness. And the preachers who followed, touched, without an approach to design, chords which awoke melodious memories and hallowed hopes. Who would let them die? May they live in our hearts! May our lives be what these discourses are designed to be: "Echoes from the Choir" of our Cathedral.

WILLIAM LEFROY, D.D., DEAN.

*The Deancry, Norwich,*

*June 4th, 1894.*





The Living Spirit that is in the Church.





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BY THE

LORD ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

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Again the resemblances are strong to the great Song of Moses, in which, as in this Psalm (but for the first time in Scripture), God is appealed to and clung to as the Rock, the Fortress of Israel. The Psalm, in fact, is wanting in such minute, definite, personal touches as are rarely missing when a soul is pouring its whole self out in the presence of God ; but if we regard it as the voice of the Church, the Church reviewing its past history, from God's earliest dealings with it to its confident hope of the end—recalling the strange impression which the Church cannot help producing and must not mind producing on the minds of outsiders. "I am become as it were a monster unto many, but my sure trust is in Thee,"—the voice of the Church dwelling on its own unchanging function, "Forsake me not until I have shewed Thy strength unto this generation, and Thy power to all them that are yet for to come,"—the voice of the Church, conscious of a hostility which thinks it is doing God service—"Mine enemies say : God hath forsaken him, persecute and take him, for there is none to deliver him,"—if I say we regard it as such a Voice of the Church, other difficulties of its interpretation disappear, but especially this next one, which seems to be explicable on no other basis. The Psalm, if it concerned individual experience of life, could surely not omit the expression of sin and of repentance. There are none here. But the Church, speaking simply as the chosen instrument of God, need not dwell on sin, whatever be the sins of its members. It is that body as to whom it is Christ's first and foremost and constant and last purpose to present her to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot nor wrinkle nor any such thing. No human creature may—the Church may—dwell on this aspect only of itself.

If it be thought that such a personation would not be in the masculine character which this psalm wears, but rather as the Daughter of Zion, the Bride of the King, then we may remember how Moses, in his last song, speaks of the Church throughout as "God's servant," and "God's son," and that this treatment elsewhere occurs in Scripture. Some may remember how in a famous Italian fresco, the artist has not treated his native city under the more common guise of a fair-crowned woman, but has enthroned a noble grey-haired man, with all the tokens of triumph over difficulties about him, and surrounded by the council of the Virtues. It is just that image which this glorious Psalm brings before us. As a man of trials, of wars, of determination, of confidence, the impersonation of the Church itself in this psalm, praises God while the world stands. And so, were I an English artist, called on to adorn this Cathedral with a fresco or a window, so would I try to concentrate and embody the history of this Church of Norwich. I doubt if any one Diocese has had such a share in the trials and vicissitudes which, from century to century, self-inflicted or imposed from without, have tested the stern stuff of East Anglia in every crisis of the Church and nation. If I had to illustrate the bold and certain thesis, "that men are ruled virtually by the Church, though ostensibly by the State, in every country,—that the seeds of moral obedience and social order are all in the Church,"—I need ask few more apt pictures than the history of this Diocese presents.

In its early dawning hours, when scarcely anything is seen clearly, what you do see, dimly but certainly, is the steady conquest of paganism by the disciplined

advancing army of monasticism. We ourselves have lost that resistless force of banded labour and prayer which would make the progress of the Gospel swifter and easier for our Church, if not more certain. Then was this glorious temple founded in its full proportion and measurements, created in full stature. It was no gradual growth. Its Bishop's Chair, though lamentably vacated, is the one throne in England which stands where it first was planted. The whole solid structure is in all, except for the storied roof so mathematically poised above it, exactly what was planned and planted here. It has not grown in fragments nor been changed piecemeal. Its history has been, as it were, the history of one principle, one power, felt in all the fluctuations of men rolling and seething about it.

What a mighty principle was laid down with its foundation stone! He, the great scholar and preacher, the shrewd letter-writer, the great gentleman, the rich courtier, laid that stone in penitence as one whose eyes had been opened. He had once looked on the Church as a splendid human institution, in which he might put much wealth, and be a potentate; exercise authority, and be called a benefactor.

Then he found out that he was entering a kingdom, not of this world; that he was enveloped suddenly in things spiritual, and he began again like a little child. He did it as he only could do it, in the fashion of his time. He found it true that in giving up all for Christ, and taking Him against the world, he "received all again a hundredfold in this present life, with persecutions;" but he received realities for shadows, eternal life and eternal thoughts, instead of the transitory world

which he had sought. He had begun to deal with his *Ecclesæ Anglicana* as a temporal power; he learnt that it was a province of the kingdom of heaven.

Another fact bearing on modern questions seems certain about this Foundation. It dealt, even if blindly, with a question of our own. In a period known to be one of great suffering, it afforded employment to whole armies of the unemployed. All over East Anglia the similar construction of great churches offered what the railway works of modern times have offered in proportion to the population. Be it good economy or bad, great works promoting the public good have tided the poor population over its worst times.

Here, too, was fought, and here was lost for a while, a very different battle. Like Lincoln and like York, Norwich struggled to defend the marriage of the clergy. More still was lost. Through the action of the worst of kings the Church passed under the Papal yoke, and England became a Papal Hindostan, a Gold Coast for Rome. In all the wars, in the raging pestilences, in the religious agitations of the sad, yet strong, centuries, Norwich had its part in all the anguish which bore so many marks of redeeming suffering, which won our liberties, our health, our truth. The great work of your Chancellor bishops, and even of your Soldier bishops, training the people to love learning and to love manfulness, was not in vain. Christ himself said that Wisdom is justified of all her children. It has been not unduly claimed, that "in these isolated counties, at a period when almost all besides was dead and lifeless," there was a spring of intelligence and activity.

And so again, when the New Learning came hither, it

did not in this country produce a class of mere elegant dilettanti. It flowed into the stern religiousness of East England, and it gave us those Norwich men who were among the wisest and strongest of the Cambridge reformers. It gave us that great Prelate, your fellow-citizen, who so jealously guarded against all accident the liberties and the continuity of the English Church. Then fast and faster came the vicissitudes of which I spoke. The Church has lived long enough now to know by experience what we might have learned from the Apostles, if we would have heard them, how destructive is the falsehood of all extremes, how grievous the uncharity and cruelty which may possess the minds of even good men who give themselves up to party spirit ; and we can admire on both sides the noble willingness to sacrifice all the world, all self, for conscience' sake. May we, in these days lay to heart both those lessons—lessons which at least we have no excuse for ignoring. May we, while we are true to conscience and ready to suffer for it, determine also to be perfect in that charity which is the bond of virtues, to let our moderation be known unto all men.

So should the old painter's vision come true, not only for his own city, but for every city. And why for cities alone? Why not for country towns and villages? One who has brightly told the tale of your Diocese tells how the Diocese at one time had nine hundred Parish Guilds, belonging in each parish to the poorest people, aided by the contributions of the rich. Every parish had its own benefit club, and each club its possessions and its furniture. The same Government which disestablished and disendowed the religious houses disendowed the labourers'

clubs. But we may ask ourselves whether the time is not coming for refounding and restoring? If the powers given in our Country Parishes are turned to good account, some social difficulties will solve themselves. It is better to create a state of things in which difficulties die down, than to come with rough remedies to what are mere symptoms of a poor soil.

There remains yet one other lesson which is derivable in a very special degree from the history of your Diocese. There have been certain eras at which the traffic in benefices has become for some reason prevalent, and has then been checked again. It was the very evil of which Herbert de Losinga repented himself so nobly. It has been rife since. It is not extinct now. Whoever will look into this matter will find that those eras have been invariably times which have ushered in corruption, and, in all spiritual regions, have been days of neglect, of religious indifference, without instruction in faith or righteousness. Whilst an attempt is again made to remove from our secular law possibilities so alien to the spirit, so injurious to the holy influences of the Church, should not the prayers, should not the bold expression of opinion, be brought to bear by Churchmen on the removal of that stumbling-block?

I have not travelled beyond the teaching of events which these ancient walls have witnessed. Each century seems to take a half visible form before our eyes, and to move with its brethren in solemn procession round that venerable apse and down these aisles. Each bears a shining light, the light that its experience flashes upon us as we silently sit watching them, and wishing that we understood them better. But the lights of the

successive centuries cannot be misunderstood. What reason teaches they confirm ; what God's word unveils they illustrate ; and so the moving figures of that procession, so vehement once, so quiet now, speak to us of barbarism and heathenism still to be overcome, of purity in sacred things, of chastity in life, of justice to the poor, of spiritual liberty, of love, of truth, of suffering for conscience' sake, of bravery, of charity, and of moderation. The Cathedral exists to pour these verities upon our souls, to breathe these sanctities over our faces. It is no Museum ; it is no Historic Monument ; it is the House of God. Outside we have to practise what we have learned within. History has told us that municipal institutions and village organizations and church administration and honest politics are the every-day fields in which all those sacred activities of the mind and all those Divine aspirations are to find their worthy exercise for a while. The days of old are full of warnings, full of examples. We remember that our to day and our to-morrow will soon become days of old to the unborn generations which will take our place. We have to consider whether our days will leave behind us more of warning or more of example. If the perusal of the past sometimes draws from us the thankful exclamation that such a tyranny is past for ever, that we cannot conceive how such cruelty could ever have been looked on under the skies of England, we may ask ourselves, " And have we ever set such an example as they set before us in this Cathedral of the glory of self-sacrifice, and that realising of the sense of beauty and magnificence which rose like the sun upon hearts that gave themselves without reserve to one great thing ; or have we, with all



our societies and institutions, ever realised any such organization as the institutions which were connected with this Church?" If we can point to nothing which is not feeble in comparison with this and to the endless examples of that time, let us not pride ourselves overmuch on exhibiting fewer direct warnings, for perhaps the most fearful of warnings will be to have been richer in opportunities than any age England has seen, and to have left fewer examples of vast original work except in things that belong to material convenience and physical well-being. Not that noble works are not now too done, but by how few are they done. A century may have its saints, its benefactors, its heroes, and yet may be the Dives of the centuries. The immediate call which we hear is simple enough. It is that we should maintain because we appreciate, and magnify because we love, the beauty of this House. We cannot appreciate and love it unless we understand its full significance. That note is only the echo of a yet higher, heavenlier voice. There is something strange, something not unlike a mysterious cloud resting upon a mountain range, in the fact that just now, when the zeal and energy, and self-denial too, of Churchmen are undeniable, there should be in the air an inclination to accept anything else in education rather than the Christianity of the Church of England. The dispersion of that cloud must be through the springing up of fresh and mighty winds of wholesome feeling.

Now, if we really understand this House and its history, we know what those freshening gales from the Spirit of God will bring. They will waken a continual sense that a spiritual Church has a *spiritual* message to

deliver, a *spiritual* work to do. We do not need that our adversary should remind us that material instruments do not constitute a Church. We know well what it was that Herbert de Losinga learnt: that a spiritual Church must not defile itself in material ways. But we know no other way by which spirit and soul are in the world than by the possession of the material instruments; and to take them away, though it may not interfere with existence, interferes with effectiveness. But, if we need no such exhortation from without, we must be perpetually reminding ourselves that spiritual darkness is to be combated by us with weapons of light—holiness of character, self-control, prayerfulness, bold instruction in righteousness, care for the young, watchfulness against incentives to evil.

The life of faith is essential to the priesthood. The Church exists solely for keeping Christ before men's eyes, and making Him present to their spirits. If we occupy ground lower than this, we shall be dislodged from our position. I make no distinction between clergy and laity here. In my experience, a worldly laity tells against the Church as much as a careless clergy. And there is no doubt that the lives of holy laymen, the unions of godly Churchmen, have from time to time raised the estimation of the reality and value of Church teaching more than the best treatises of divinity. They are an epistle known and read of all men. If the apostleship of the Spirit is ours, we may suffer persecution for a while, but it will only be to wean us more from the world. If we can do the world's best work better than the world can do it, the world will not be slow to acknowledge it. But it can only be done by

higher means than the world knows: by drawing the Spirit of God to be present in all our sincere unflinching efforts.

The fresh gale of the Spirit of God will awaken in us a deeper attention to the cause of the Poor—that kind of devotion which will not be content until it has brought possibilities of decent life within every man's reach. It matters not whether advocates of that cause are wise or foolish in this or that particular. It is just that every Man should be able to be a Man. It is Christian that every man should be able to be a Christian. It is written in the history of the Church that the Church has in the past laboured for that end, and devised many institutions to effect it. And if unwisdom and violence are to be discounted and prevented, it will be because the Church takes the lead. Increased opportunities will soon be hers in every Parish. God gives us not the spirit of fear, but of love, and power, and soberness.

Lastly, the Breath of the Spirit of God is the spirit of Unity. Here we confess, we sorrowfully confess, that history contains more of warning than of example. This Cathedral itself would have been an infinitely more powerful power for good at this date—this diocese would have been less vexed with differences of opinion long ago—if the love of unity had been always present in the councils of this chapter, this city, this diocese. There appears in every page of the past zeal for an opinion, zeal for a usage, zeal for a measure; but how seldom zeal for oneness! And no part of England, that I know of, can cast stones at you. But, alas! there is no consolation in that. Yet I cannot but believe that a new breath of Unity is breathing over us even now.

If men would but consent not to contend over things which they despise themselves for heeding, when pride and resentment and contempt first fret their heartstrings,—if they would but treat as trivial those things that are trivial,—there would be little dissension about great things. It is a common enough saying that at heart about great matters there is great agreement. It is grievous to have to say that about little things there is little agreement. Will it be always so? Is that King's vision a vision for all time? Shall the lean kine of petty disputes be for ever devouring the well-favoured kine of the grand truths dear to all?

There are two great signs of the times. On the one hand, Nonconformity is preaching and praying for Unity. On the other hand, religious division takes palpable shape as the reckless foe of religious work and sacrifice. Set the two facts before us to-day, and beside them this other:—

Of a cathedral the primary idea is not incapable of being realised still by thought and by love. The primary idea of a cathedral in Diocese and in Church is to be the Head and Fountain of Union.

Does not our text then, seem to be the very retrospect of this Church, the sum of its joys and of its sorrow,

“Oh, what great troubles and adversities hast Thou showed me,”  
its very thanksgiving this day:

“And yet didst Thou turn and refresh me:”  
its own very promise of the future:

“Therefore—therefore—will I praise Thee and Thy faithfulness, O God,  
playing upon an instrument of musick.”

God's Abiding Presence through the Ages  
typified by the Story of a Cathedral.





# God's Abiding Presence through the Ages typified by the Story of a Cathedral.

BY THE

VENBLE. WILLIAM MACDONALD SINCLAIR, D.D.,

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Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen.*

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*"O thou that hearest the prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come. Iniquities prevail against me: as for our transgressions, Thou shalt purge them away. Blessed is the man whom Thou choosest, and causest to approach unto Thee, that he may dwell in Thy courts: we shall be satisfied with the goodness of Thy house, even of Thy holy temple. By terrible things in righteousness wilt Thou answer us, O God of our salvation; Who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea: which by His strength setteth fast the mountains,*

*being girded with power : which stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people."*—PSALM LXV. 2—7.

THE principle that in the midst of troubles, oppressions, degradations, and sins, the soul of man is never barred from the privilege of turning to God, and realising His immediate presence and restoring power, has been throughout the history of religion the inspiring comfort and sustaining hope of all those who seek the blessing of the Eternal. It was so with the Hebrews in all the vicissitudes of their chequered existence as a people. Time after time they fell away from their invisible Guide, and plunged into all kinds of intellectual and moral baseness. And then when things were at their worst, some wise and chastened servant of God arose, psalmist, prophet, evangelist, or reformer, with inspired vision and undaunted courage and burning lips of truth recalled them to themselves and their allegiance. And they found to their wonder that in the black night of their sinfulness and ingratitude God was all the while very near them, and ready to renew their souls when they turned to His gracious hand. Even in the saddest and gloomiest epochs, in their dreariest idolatries and most flagrant rebellions there was still left some glimmer of truth and allegiance ; and in the end there would come a general restoration of happiness, righteousness, and peace. Convinced of this blessed possibility of spiritual revival, the psalmist, who was the mouthpiece of his nation, might well cry with the intensity of a gratitude founded on experience, "Praise waiteth for Thee, O God in Sion ; and unto Thee shall



the vow be performed. O Thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come." And when the wonder at the past fit of folly and infatuation pressed down upon their spirits, and they were ready to sink to the earth with shame at their incredible demoralization, there was the gracious and tranquillizing assurance of forgiveness which was the central fibre of the Hebrew faith; and the interpreter of the national repentance could say with humility, indeed, but with certitude: "Iniquities prevail against me: but these our transgressions, Thou shalt purge them away." The next thought would be that none of this delight of moral convalescence could be enjoyed except by those who had entered into personal covenant and conscious relation with the Divine Being, and that the knowledge and means of that covenant and relation lay in the truths of revealed religion: "Blessed is the man whom Thou choosest and causest to approach unto Thee, that he may dwell in Thy courts: we shall be satisfied with the goodness of Thy house, even of Thy holy Temple."

But then would come the warning recollection that the present state of spiritual rest, calmness, and refreshment could only be continued in proportion to personal and national faithfulness and perseverance. If there was a relaxation of loyalty to God, a slackening of zeal, a dallying with old temptations, a failure of purity in thought and purpose, then the same judgments which had fallen in the past, in crisis after crisis, with unsparing severity, would once more gather round the sinful land, like awful thunder-clouds with reverberating artillery of terror and flashes of inevitable indignation leaping from heaven with promptness and exactitude: "By terrible

things in righteousness dost Thou answer us, O God of our salvation ; Who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea." Finally there is the abiding sense that whatever may be the varying features of human institutions, their calamities and catastrophes, whatever the hostility of the mass of the population, sometimes justly aroused by mistakes and follies and declensions from moral rectitude and the constant presence of poor human imperfections even in our best endeavours, yet the Majesty of the Divine Being and His Almighty prerogative of turning evil into good remain unchanged in their ceaseless and universal vitality behind the most bewildering disappointments and amazing occurrences : "Which by His strength setteth fast the mountains ; being girded with power : which stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people." Or, as the same immortal truth is put in another psalm : "Thy throne is established of old : Thou art from everlasting. The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice ; the floods lift up their waves. The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea. Thy testimonies are very sure : " (and ah ! then comes the important warning truth for us all in every age) "holiness becometh Thine house, O Lord, for ever !"

My brothers, the great spiritual truths of religion as revealed to the Hebrews are the spiritual truths of the Christian Church. The Christian Church was founded by our Lord on the principles which the Father had in successive stages revealed to His ancient chosen

people ; we rightly and naturally apply to ourselves the promises and warnings of psalmist and prophet. The Hebrew Church and its consummation in Christianity are one continuous unbroken unfolding of God's manifold purpose for His human family. And our experiences are the same. Like our spiritual ancestor, Israel, we too are dependent on the purity and the conscientiousness of the members of our generation. Like them, in consequence of periods of wilfulness, ignorance, blindness, and sinfulness, the Christian Church has in the past, in one age or another, fallen back into moods of the direst darkness, the most miserable humiliation. When we look back into the grave records of history we are sometimes astonished that the Church could have survived at all. "It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed," is the humble feeling of our hearts, "because His compassions fail not." We are deeply sensible that the same gracious Providence, the same wise, forbearing, and far-sighted purpose has been applied to our national use of God's light that was employed in the Divine dealings with the backslidings of Israel : "Thus saith the Lord, As the new wine is found in the cluster, and one saith, Destroy it not ; for a blessing is in it ; so will I do for My servant's sake, that I may not destroy them all." Even when superstition and ignorance have been at their worst, there has always been the Word of God behind it all, however forgotten and misused, like a lamp shining concealed in a dark place ; there has always been the simple outline of Christian truth ; there has always been the presence of the Saviour ready to make Himself known where even two or three are gathered together in His Name.

Wonderfully varied are the recollections enshrined in these grey and august old walls. The history of a diocese is in most cases wrapped up in the history of its Cathedral Church. Pre-eminently is that the case with the City, the See, and the Cathedral of Norwich. For about eight hundred years Norwich has been the capital of East Anglia, and in later times the most important city in the East of England. With this glorious creation are associated either in their lives or by their resting-place, the long list of Bishops, Priors, Deans, and men of eminence whose actions for evil or for good, have been the epitome of the more prominent influences of their day.

It is, as all human affairs must be, a tale of sin and sorrow and suffering, as well as of things that are brighter and more hopeful. Here, by many a vigorous character, strong wills have been exercised, and deeds wrought that have left their mark on succeeding generations. Here jealousies, hatreds, misunderstandings, disappointments, sometimes ruin and havoc, have been at work, and earthly imperfections have marred hopes, and checked eager aspirations. Here the actors in the succeeding scenes of the long drama have at length laid their burdens down, and brought their sorrows to a close. All their earthly pomps and distinctions put away, and all their differences quieted in the eternal silence, they have rested side by side in the long sleep of death. For good or evil their memories cling about their names, and are but the emblems of the lasting impress of their actions, examples, their words and thoughts upon multitudes whom they never saw or knew. Some of them did their best, and acted according

to the light of their age. But the history of the past as well as of the present, the achievements of bygone heroes, as well as those about us who are performing the drama of life, is at its best the record of how the Lord God Almighty, the supreme Ruler and Governor of all things, the omnipresent spirit of life and glory, is ceaselessly occupied in His benignant work of bringing good out of evil.

There is nothing in the retrospect with which any Christian now alive amongst us is unconcerned. There is nothing either in the human unworthiness or the Divine goodness which does not touch us all alike. Members of the National Church, adherents of the Roman See, or Nonconformists of every degree, we are all alike the spiritual descendants of the men of old who transacted their lives beneath these sublime arches before the dawn of the Reformation. From the foundation of Norwich to the enfranchisement of the English Church from Rome, there was no other form of Christianity in the country than that which was here symbolized. We are each of us touched by its humiliations, its vicissitudes, and its glories.

It was a strange age when the founder, Bishop Herbert, lived ; and if he was not superior to its ways and customs, we can at any rate admire the majesty of his conception of the great church which he has given us. "The practice of selling the great offices of Church and State had come back with William Rufus, and bishoprics were once more offered to the highest bidder. The price was always enormous, and only they who had inherited large fortunes or amassed them while servants of the venal and profligate court were in a

position to treat for the larger prizes." Christianity had long been crystallized into the dark and superstitious system of the Mass, and it is difficult to see that it had the influence which we should always expect on the lives of its professors. That where any real study was given to the teaching of the Gospel the Lord was ever ready even in the most ignorant age to change men into His own image, is shown by the fact that in the midst of the corruptions of the day, "when the country was given over to cruelty and oppression of every kind, and in the Church there was anarchy and license," there was still an Anselm found to be Archbishop of Canterbury. The indications of Bishop Herbert's character are of a different kind; but of his energy and courage there can be no doubt. The enormous and almost unprecedented size of the buildings which he projected, the immense solidity of the foundations, the importation of the stone from Normandy, the cutting of a canal from the river Wensum for its conveyance, the amazing rapidity of the works, the simultaneous erection of a house for the bishop and a monastery for the seventy monks who were to serve in the Cathedral; all this still speaks to us in a vivid way of zeal, determination, ability, taste, and resources. The great churches at Elmham, Lynn, and Yarmouth tell the same tale of vigour and will.

The picture of the age does not improve with his successor; Bishop Everard is the friend and nominee of King Henry I., a politician, courtier, and man of the world; under him all fervour, zeal, and discipline languish. For a wonder, in the troublous times of Stephen, the monks are allowed to choose his successor; and William Turbe, the sub-prior, shows himself a true

bishop according to the light of his age, an uncompromising defender of the rights of the Church, an unswerving supporter of Becket in his struggle with King Henry II., never leaving his diocese, fearlessly publishing in yonder sanctuary the excommunication of the mighty Earl Hugh of Norfolk, excommunicating even Bishop Gilbert of London for taking, as he thought, the wrong side in the struggle between Church and State. We must pass over John of Oxford, the great scholar and diplomatist, who was seldom in his diocese, whose era is marked by the struggles between monasteries and bishops, and constant appeals to Rome which were the cause of the almost total collapse of ecclesiastical order and discipline ; and John de Grey, who was everywhere except at home, sometimes commanding an army against the French, sometimes sitting as Justiciar at Westminster or elsewhere, for years away in Ireland, filling the office of Lord-Deputy, and dying on his journey from Rome where he had gone to arrange the terms of the removal of the interdict on King John and the kingdom. For seven years at that disgraceful time the bishopric is vacant ; and it is only filled by the Italian Pandulf, the Pope's Legate, who is not known to have set foot in his diocese at all. Of his successor, Thomas de Blumville, it is only related that he had to be ordered by the Pope to undertake even once his duty of episcopal visitation.

In the reign of Henry III., a man of goodness stands out, Walter Calthorp. "He is the only Bishop of Norwich (of early days) whose saintly life has been his chief characteristic, and the traditions of whose holy conduct and unworldly self-denial survived when almost

everything else that concerned him had been forgotten." In doing his best under the circumstances in which he found himself, he is an illustration of our principle that if a man lays real hold on the Eternal Being Who is behind all the shifting scenes of human events, if he be a man of faith and prayer, he may live near to God.

It is not possible to speak at length of William de Middleton, the great preacher of Edward I.'s reign ; of his repair and reconsecration of the Cathedral in the presence of the King, the Queen, and the Bishops of London, Hereford, and Waterford ; of the foundation of Trinity Hall, at Cambridge, by Bishop Bateman ; of the fall of the spire in the terrible hurricane of 1362, and its re-building by the youthful Bishop Percy ; of his glorious work in the clerestory of the choir ; of the vigorous crushing of the Socialist revolt in Norfolk by the warlike Bishop Despenser—the most brilliant soldier of his age—when in London, the Chancellor, the Treasurer, and the Archbishop of Canterbury had been murdered by Wat Tyler and his mob ; of the significant fact that in his time the Lollards, the precursors of the Reformation, then began to be numerous, and were kept from the Diocese of Norwich by the military conservatism of the Bishop. In 1542 a reformer was burnt here by the relentless Bishop Alnwick, and one hundred and twenty others were compelled to abjure and give up their copies of Wycliffe's English Testament. It was this persecuting Bishop who built the great west gateway, and inserted the huge west window. His two successors put the vaulted roof over the whole building, where before had been merely timber.

The dawn of the Reformation in the reign of Henry



VIII., found a severe and uncompromising opponent in Bishop Nix. It was he who burned the famous Norfolk martyr, Thomas Bilney. We are glad to know that he had to pay a fine of £10,000, and that it required a special Act of Parliament before he could be released from prison. He lived to see Coverdale's translation of the Bible published in the King's name, and his diocese no longer in communion with the See of Rome.

The confusion which followed on the sudden dissolution of the monasteries and guilds, and the violent changes under Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, affected most unfavourably religious life in East Anglia. During the forty-five years of Elizabeth's reign, says one of your own writers,\* East Anglia passed through such a period of turbulence, bitterness of feeling, and decay of Christian charity, such a neglect of the decencies of religion and of the houses of God in the land, as the diocese had never known since the days when private warfare was the rule in the evil reign of Henry III. Once more we see the truth of the principle which we are considering to-night. In the very darkest hour the Master's promise has been found true. It is in the darkest hour that its truth has been most surely manifest. We have lived through pillage and persecution, indifference and neglect; we have lived through days when all seemed going and well-nigh gone; yet from the desolation and the ruin the Christian society has risen again and again to new life and activity. "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto

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\* Dr. Jessopp's "History of the Diocese of Norwich."

the end of the world." Why should we tremble for the future, when we can point to the history of the past?

We must pass rapidly over the names of Bishop Overall, one of the greatest of the Reformers, a man of profound learning, earnestness, and piety; Bishop Harsnet, a man of the people, of great ability, who practised and preached moderation; Bishop Corbet and Bishop Wren, who supported the unhappy Archbishop Laud in his obstinate enforcement of a rigid uniformity. We should like to pause on one of the greatest names of your history, Bishop Joseph Hall, the famous preacher and controversialist. He had to bear the reaction from the tyranny of Laud. He has left us an account of "that furious sacrilege whereof our eyes and ears were the sad witnesses. Lord, what work was here! What clattering of glasses, what beating down of walls, what tearing up of monuments, what pulling down of seats, what wresting out of iron and brass from the windows and graves; what defacing of arms, what defacing of curious stone-work that had not any representation in the world, but only of the cost of the founder and skill of the mason; what tooting and piping upon the destroyed organ-pipes, and what a hideous triumph on the market-day before all the country, when in a kind of sacrilegious and profane procession all the organ-pipes, vestments, both copes and surplices, together with the leaden cross which had been newly sawn down from over the greenyard pulpit, and the service-books and singing books that could be had, were carried to the fire in the public market-place; a lewd wretch walking before the train in his cope trailing in the dirt, with a service-book in his hand, imitating in

an impious scorn the tune, and usurping the words of the Litany formerly used in the church. Near the public cross all these 'monuments of idolatry' must be sacrificed to the fire, not without much ostentation of a zealous joy in discharging ordnance to the cost of some who professed how much they had longed to see that day. Neither was it any news upon this guild-day to have the Cathedral now open on all sides to be filled with musketeers waiting the Mayor's return, drinking and tobacconing as freely as if it had been an alehouse." The revolutionists no doubt believed that they were doing God service, as sincerely as the saintly Bishop; from all this God alone was able to bring good out of evil.

Much might be said of another illustrious name at Norwich, Bishop Reynolds, who was appointed at the Restoration, a man of singular earnestness, conscientiousness, and learning, to whom as the author of our beautiful General Thanksgiving the whole Church of England is inestimably indebted; of Bishop Lloyd, who like the seven Bishops opposed James II.'s Romanizing Indulgence, but who unhappily became involved in the Non-juring Schism; of Bishop Hayton, in whose days John Wesley occupied this pulpit; of Bishop Horne, the learned commentator on the Psalms, who also protected Wesley; of the mild, lovable, courtly, and gracious Bishop Bathurst, in the time of our grandfathers; and of Edward Stanley, who found upwards of five hundred beneficed clergymen not residing on their cures, and upwards of five hundred churches in which there was but one service on Sunday, and who began those vigorous reforms which have continued ever since.

We are met to-day, even in the midst of our thanksgivings under the shadow of a real sorrow. It is too soon to speak of that true Father in God, who for thirty-six years had his home beside the walls of your Cathedral, and whom you loved and venerated with sincere affection. His humble unaffected piety, his gentleness and courtesy, his admirable habits of business, the simplicity of his life, his unrivalled knowledge of his clergy, his kindliness and wisdom, the clearness and openness of his plans and methods, his independence and justice, all gave him a distinct place amongst his colleagues on the Bench, and in the long roll of the Bishops of Norwich. His long episcopate was one continuous promotion of quiet and useful reforms. The honorary Canons were called to preach in the Cathedral, the office of Rural Dean made a reality, an association formed to promote diocesan work and life, residences provided for the clergy, churches restored, and benefices augmented. On every hand were evidences of the Bishop's quiet, unassuming influence, good sense, and friendly courtesy, without self-assertion or favouritism. Like his brother, he was a loyal and true son of the Church of England, in every sense of the word a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost.

As your late Bishop with wise and fatherly firmness and love carried out his spiritual and moral reforms, so your late Dean began the restoration of this most magnificent and most historical shrine. Your friend, his successor, has now completed the interior of the splendid building, and at a time of great financial depression has met with a conspicuous and most

thankworthy response. Once more the majestic fane of Bishop Herbert, Bishop Middleton, and Bishop Percy stands before our wondering eyes in all its marvellous combination of strength, dignity, and beauty. What is the lesson for our illustrious Cathedral of this long tale of vicissitude in fortune? It is that to fulfil its true function it and all belonging to it must lay to heart the example of our Divine Master. It and all belonging to it must be meek, gentle, and courteous ; forgetful of the great advantages of their position, but earnest in the recognition of their high duties and responsibilities ; earnest in preaching the pure and simple Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ ; distrustful of their own understanding and judgment, seeing how mistaken in manifold ways the past generations have been, even when most confident of the absolute fitness of their conduct ; humble in demeanour, not arrogant in the assertion of their rights ; friendly towards all men, and welcoming all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, whatever may be the divisions and partitions bequeathed by the mistakes of past history ; examples to the diocese, not only in the perfection of music but in the intelligent treatment of all questions affecting the condition of the people, and sympathetic towards all persons and movements that are working for the good of the less favoured sections of the great social organism. For such a Cathedral, and such a body there will be no popular disfavour. It will rest "broad-based upon the people's love."

And what is the lesson of the story for ourselves? Surely this : that in all our troubles, changes, and chances, all our vicissitudes of storm and sunshine,

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends  
Rough hew them as we will."

We are often blind in our judgments, and too much influenced by current modes of thought. Most of us share the prejudices of our age. Like those whose footprints in the sands of time we have been tracing, most of us see objects through the lens of current feelings and popular fashionable and temporary estimates. The one thing that those bygone heroes needed was to get near to the Lord, and by constant study of His words and life to be conformed after His image. The one thing which raised one above another in spiritual importance and fruitfulness was the fact that knowledge might be taken of him that he had been with Jesus. The one thing that lowered them was trust in mere systems and mechanical organizations. The one thing for us is to think only of our mere outward ecclesiastical environment, as a means to bring us near to God, which may be to us a blind as it was to them, and however useful and important it may be in itself, to make nothing of it in comparison of the presence of our Lord in our hearts, the gracious and abiding indwelling of the Holy Spirit, the fellowship of the Father and the Son.

May God abundantly bless the care and devotion which has been shown to the outward fabric of His beautiful house! May the growth and adornment of the spiritual life of the people correspond with this admirable external renovation! May the Cathedral be the witness of the healing of divisions, of the instruction of the ignorant, of the conversion of sinners and unbelievers, of the cultivation of the study of the Word of God, of the consideration of the temporal as well as of the spiritual wants of the

people, of the fruitful exhibition of every Christian grace! Simple loyalty to the teaching of the Lord Jesus: that is the only principle of permanence and security. "The grass withereth and the flower thereof fadeth away: but the word of the Lord endureth for ever." For this we will earnestly pray, for prayer is the condition of our spiritual perseverance: "Return, O Lord, how long; and let it repent Thee concerning Thy servants! O satisfy us early with Thy mercy that we may be glad and rejoice all our days! Make us glad according to the days wherein Thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil! Let Thy work appear unto Thy servants, and Thy glory unto their children! And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish Thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish Thou it!"







# Cathedrals and their Lessons.





# Cathedrals and their Lessons.

BY THE

VENERABLE F. W. FARRAR, D.D.,

*Archdeacon of Westminster.*

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*“Walk about Zion, and go round about her: and tell the towers thereof. Mark well her bulwarks, set up her houses: that ye may tell them that come after. For this God is our God for ever and ever: He shall be our Guide until death.”—PSALM XLVIII. 13.*

**I** CONSIDER it no small privilege that I should be permitted to preach at the re-opening of your great Cathedral, as I also was at the re-opening of the Cathedral of Peterborough. Little, indeed, can I hope to do justice to the subject, or to compress into a brief discourse, hurriedly written amid the heavy pressure of other duties, one tithe of the great thoughts which such

an occasion might well inspire. Yet let me ask your indulgent sympathy, while I humbly endeavour, so far as I can, to bring before you some of the considerations which such an occasion may well awaken in our minds.

i. Let it at once remind us that it is our duty and our interest to learn from the past; and while we endeavour to avoid the errors which have been made manifest to us by that slowly widening light of Heaven which shews all things in the history of their ripening, yet to avail ourselves of its treasured experience, and to follow its good examples. And gathered here to worship on this Ascension Day, in this glorious Cathedral, which is the legacy bequeathed to us from the dim distance of eight centuries,—and which, unless we are guilty of pusillanimous meanness, it is at least our duty to preserve,—three thoughts at once come home to us.

i. The first is the unshaken faith of our fathers in the permanence of Christianity. Their unalterable conviction was that

“Crowns and thrones may perish,  
Kingdoms wax and wane,  
But the faith of Jesus  
Constant shall remain.”

They felt the meaning of those words of Christ, “On this *rock* will I build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.” How does this building witness to the wisdom of their conviction! Glance for but one moment over those eight hundred rolling years. In the very year that Herbert de Losinga laid the foundation stone of Norwich Cathedral, Peter the Hermit preached the First Crusade; three years later Jerusalem

was taken by Godfrey de Bouillon. The next century witnessed the rise of the Plantagenets ; the struggles of the Guelphs and Ghibellines ; the conquest of Ireland ; the fierce contest between the King and St. Thomas à Becket. The 13th century witnessed the signing of Magna Charta ; the rise of the Inquisition ; the towering and consummate usurpation of the Papacy ; the dawn of modern science ; the conquest of Wales and Scotland ; the rise of representative institutions. The 14th saw the decline of the Papacy ; the discovery of the compass ; the splendour of Italian literature and art ; the birth of Wycliffe ; the rise of the English naval power ; the conquests of Tamerlane. The 15th is marked by the memorable discovery of printing and of the New World ; by the Wars of the Roses ; by the birth of Erasmus and of Luther. The 16th is the century of the Reformation ; of the spread of education ; of the founding of the United States. It is the era of Elizabeth, of Shakspeare, of Galileo. The 17th gave us our English Bible. The 18th is the era of the French Revolution. The 19th has witnessed the amazing advance of science ; the rise of the power of the people ; the Independence of America ; the conquests of Napoleon ; the Battle of Waterloo ; the manifold expansion of the wealth, commerce, and Empire of England. The Norman Kings have passed away, and the Plantagenets, and the Lancastrians, and the Tudors, and the Stuarts. Four Kings of England have been murdered ; one has been executed. Chivalry has died ; feudalism has been extinguished ; the printing-press has killed the Castle ; monasticism has been banished by a nobler philanthropy ; the pen has swayed the sceptre ;

we hear the ever-advancing tread of a host that no man can number on its march to a dominance of which as yet none can prophesy the result. But, during all these chances and changes, however turbulent, or however peaceful the times, whether the Black Death was halving the population of England in 1348, or the bells were pealing for the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588, the shadows of your Minster towers rested as softly over the green turf and the blossoming orchards; and little children of many generations have been baptised in its font; and boys have been trained in its Grammar School; and men and women, though under varying forms, have still worshipped their risen and ascended Lord. Earthly scenes and glories have shaken together their confused lights like the shifting phantasmagoria of the desert mirage; the splendours of palaces, which on their restless fronts

“ Bore stars, illumination of all gems,”

have sunk into the dust; but Norwich Cathedral, though burnt in 1272, has always continued to resound with its solemn psalms and silver litanies; and the pious Henry III., and the brave Edward I., and the good Queen Eleanor, and that “bright occidental star,” Queen Elizabeth, have all knelt to worship beneath this vaulted roof.

Whether the Bishop were such a man as Herbert the founder, with his *Erravimus juvenes, emendemus lenis*; or as Bishop Spencer, the tumultuous arrester of the Dyer of Norwich, and the mailed captain of the crusade against Flanders; or as Bishop Nix, of whom they say that there was more snow in his name than in

his character ; or as Bishop Hall, the vehement controversialist against Milton ; or Bishop Overall, to whom we owe part of our Church Catechism ; or Bishop Stanley who, like his more famous son, showed that genius which is the heart of childhood taken up and matured in the powers of manhood ; or that wise and saintly prelate who has just passed into his rest, the permanence of your Cathedral, and its continued worship shows us, that

“ They dreamt not of a perishable home  
Who thus could build ; be mine in hours of fear  
Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge here,  
Or through the aisles of Westminster to roam  
Where bubbles burst, and folly’s dancing foam  
Melts, if we cross the threshold.”

ii. Next observe the heroic generosity shown by those early Christian builders. It should be at once our example, our stimulus, and our shame. Consider how small, how weak, how incomparably more poor was the England which built Norwich Cathedral and Westminster Abbey than the England of to-day. Their population was not a tithe, their wealth not a hundredth part of ours ; yet consider how, paralysed by the demands of greed and luxury, and devoted to the idolatry of Mammon, the England of to-day, with its twenty-nine millions of population, and its two thousand millions of annual wealth, is so incomparably far below the will and the capacity to build those English cathedrals which are the glory of our land, that it can only with extreme difficulty be galvanised into the contributions which are barely adequate to save them from crumbling into slow decay, or collapsing into sudden and irretrievable ruin !

iii. And beside this unshaken conviction, and large generosity of our fathers, notice, thirdly, the *sincerity* of their faith. In spite of many childish superstitions, into which the Church had been sinking, during long centuries of ignorance, the truths of religion were more constantly present to the men of the 11th century, and religion was a more awfully-potent factor in their imaginations, than now it is. How many of you, who may perhaps have trod the floor of your Cathedral from childhood upwards, have ever realised how much the early Gothic architects intended it to be an intense symbol of overwhelming truths, which they desired to impress on the souls of all who entered it? The builders meant at once to stamp upon the imagination the Trinity and the Atonement. They wished to impress the Three-in-One by the one building, yet marked by the triple length of nave, choir, and chancel ; the triple breadth of aisle, nave, and aisle ; the triple height of arch, triforium, and clerestory. The cruciform shape symbolised the Atonement ; the transepts the arms of Christ outstretched upon the cross ; the deflection of the pillars in the apse, His head inclined in death ; the Lady Chapel, the Virgin standing by His cross ; the lateral Chapels the Church of God, and the Communion of the Saints. The font was by the western door to indicate that by Baptism we are admitted into the nave, the ship or ark of Christ's Church ; the double western door symbolised the twofold nature of Christ, human and Divine ; and not to dwell on the manifold other details of symbolism within symbolism, the fourteen bays of your nave recall that Wisdom has builded her house, she hath hewn out her seven pillars ; the porch, nave, choir, and sanctuary, shadow forth



respectively the penitent, the Christian, the saintly, and the celestial life ; the hideous gargoyles outside represent the banished and frustrated demons ; and even the bosses of the groined vaultings of your roof present in miniature a complete sacred history from the Creation of Man to the Final Judgment. You know the beauty of your Cathedral, but how many of you realise that your fathers meant it also to be a Theology in stone ?

2. Yes, the ages which witnessed the foundation and growth of Norwich Cathedral, were ages undoubtedly of darkness and of superstition in many respects, but even in the darkest ages there is a light which lighteth every man that is born into the world.

We may well thank God that if no age has been exempt from faults and drawbacks, yet also no age has possessed any exclusive monopoly of virtue or of wisdom. In all ages, under many widely differing forms, the heart of man is essentially the same. The continued existence of these great cathedrals witnesses to worship ultimately identical in its essentials amid so many changes. Varying ages have varying needs. To say that institutions were imperfect, to say that their ideals were largely mingled with error, is only to say that they were human. In human opinions, in human ideals, there is no finality. It is Christ alone, who is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." The phrase "for ever" is a mighty phrase ; but it is vain and presumptuous on the lips of creatures of a day. Often has the Church of England needed the lesson that "those who trust in the words 'for ever,' and from timid superstition forbear from marching on, will find that there are two far sadder words—'too late.'" The notion that

we are infallible is nothing better than an enchanting self-conceit. It is with God alone that there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. Thus, then, when gazing on an English Cathedral, even in the silent majesty of its decay, we consider the days of old and the years of ancient times ;—when, thus looking at the rock whence we were hewn, and the hole of the pit whence we were digged, we praise famous men, and the fathers that begat us ;—we may learn from their conviction, their munificence, their faith. But two further lessons should be prominently brought home to us—the need for tolerance, and the duty of progress.

i. The need for tolerance. The one thing which most men, in their egotism, have not charity enough to forgive, is a difference of opinion. We ought to maintain our own convictions unflinchingly, but we ought at the same time to be kind, and fair, and just, and loving (as most men, alas, are not!) to those whom we cannot convince of them. And what are opinions in comparison with actions? They are simply as nothing. Christ made character and not creed the test of faithfulness. “Were it otherwise a man’s salvation would depend on the date of his birth. One generation burnt a man if he did not believe in the Mass; the next executed him if he did.” One man wears phylacteries, another despises them. One man believes in priests, another denies that they are or can be anything but simple presbyters. But none of us differ about the Ten Commandments, or the eight Beatitudes; and the beloved disciple tells us that “He that doeth righteousness is righteous,” and “He that doeth righteousness is born of God.” The opinions of men vary from age to age: but

conduct, character, holiness—do not deceive yourselves—these are what God requires ; it is these things which are alone infinite in their value, and eternal in their permanence. Does not one of the wisest of the Fathers say, “Vision must be a stepping-stone to conduct?” “Whatever is right, whatever is wrong in this perplexing world, we must be right, we cannot but be right, infinitely right, absolutely right, eternally right, in denying our wills, in ruling our tongues, in softening our tempers, in controlling our passions, in doing justly, and loving mercy, and walking humbly with our God.”

ii. But as regards both opinions and practice, there must also be progress. Alike for individuals and churches there must be many resurrections. *Non progredi, est regredi.* Except where there is death there must be growth ; except where there is torpor there must be movement ; except where there is stagnancy, there must be storms. Changelessness in human affairs means a mouldering apathy.

“The old order changes, giving place to new ;  
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,  
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.”

Let us for a few moments apply these thoughts. The origin of Norwich Cathedral is monastic. Like Westminster Abbey, like the Cathedrals of Canterbury, Ely, Peterborough, Durham, and Winchester, we owe it to the Benedictine monks. Are we indiscriminately to blacken and denounce monasticism which has bequeathed to us these great and beautiful foundations? With all its defects, its errors, its frightful and inevitable degeneracies, monasticism still became a nursing mother

of the saints of God. St. Augustine, St. Jerome, St. Bernard, St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Thomas à Kempis—were they not all monks? Did not the same monastery send forth Savonarola with his mighty thunderings, and Fra Beato Angelico da Fiesole, with his soft silent heavenly pictures? From whence went forth the missionaries, St. Patrick, St. Columba, St. Columbanus, St. Augustine of Canterbury, St. Willibrord, St. Boniface, St. Amkar, to convert Ireland, Scotland, France, England, Germany, Denmark? Was it not from the monasteries? They have had their day, and they have rightly been abolished. The dissolution of them by Henry VIII., however unjustly carried out, was the retribution of the crimes which often lurked under the shadow; but surely, under the shadow of Norwich Cathedral, we may say with Charles Kingsley—

“Wake again, Teutonic father-ages;  
 - Speak again, beloved ancestral creeds;  
 Flash primæval spirits from your pages,  
 Wake a greedy age to nobler deeds!”

iii. Mediæval Catholicism was overthrown by the Renaissance, and the Renaissance—the re-awakening of the human mind, and the enlargement of human energy—brought with it, that bright and blissful Reformation which, as Milton said, “strook through the black and settled night of Ignorance and Anti-Christian tyranny, after so many ages, in which the huge overshadowing train of error had almost swept all the stars out of the Church’s firmament.” The silly and ignorant denunciation of the Reformation by extreme reactionists in a Church avowedly reformed

is nothing better than a disloyal provincialism. Without it England, if she had not still been under the execrable dominance of the Inquisition, might at this moment be as full of infidel libertinism as France, or as drowned in superstitious bigotry as Spain. But the England of the Reformation was the England of Queen Elizabeth and the defeat of the Invincible Armada; the England of Spenser, and Raleigh, and Hooker, and Francis Bacon; the England of which Shakspeare was the marvellous and myriad-minded exponent. Above all, it was the England of the open Bible, placed without note or comment, in all men's hands. It was the England in which "the sweet odour of the returning Gospel embathed men's souls in the fragrancy of heaven." The more refined charity of to-day may make us avoid speaking with passionate bitterness of Romish errors, but however tender and charitable he may be to abandoned errors, no faithful member of the Anglican Church at any rate will cease to join in that opening prayer of our Convocation gatherings, which affirms that "after the rule of our Holy Reformation, we have rightly and earnestly repudiated the errors, corruptions, and superstitions which were here prevalent of old, and all the tyranny of Papal Rome."

Then came the days of the Puritans. As you read the graphic description of Bishop Hall, how the Puritans broke down the carved work of our Cathedrals with axes and hammers, you may regret that ignorant and cruel superstition evoked the counter extreme of narrow bigotry. Yet with all its defects and limitations, Puritanism, so far from deserving the feminine scorn heaped upon it by religious æstheticism, exercised a

manly and a godly force on the thought and the morals of this our England. It contributed to our national character its high sense of self-respect, its energy of noble individualism, its conviction of the indefeasible religious privileges of man as man; of his immediate, independent, unimpeded access to God. How infinitely poorer without Puritanism would have been the traditions and the literature of England! Did it not give us in the "Pilgrim's Progress," its potent and fascinating allegory; in Baxter's "Saints' Rest," its pathetic individual appeal; in Milton's "Paradise Lost," its glorious and immortal epic? Did it not furnish, in the persons of such men as Colonel Hutchinson, its types of the perfect gentleman and the patriotic Christian? Did it not give to the coming generations their passion for liberty? Their sense that "mankind has a loftier destiny, than to be the footstool of a few families;" our Pilgrim Fathers, our New England of the Western World?

Each great English Cathedral stands as a witness alike of the changeful and of the changeless. Opinions are not infallible, they change and must change. But widely as Dante, Shakspeare, and Milton differ, they alike bore witness to the essential, immutable truth that God was in Christ, converting the world unto Himself; and on that Rock is built the Universal Church against which the gates of hell shall not prevail.

Passing over multitudes of thoughts and memories which might well be in our minds to-day, as we have been glancing at the long past, let us conclude by saying one word as to the unknown future.

"I hear a voice which cries. Alas ! Alas !  
Whatever hath been written shall remain  
Nor be erased, nor written o'er again.  
The unwritten only still remains to thee,  
Take heed and ponder well what that shall be."

This one thought I would specially emphasise. The idea of Cathedrals in the past was that they were for worship, and almost exclusively for the separate worship, the seven daily services of Benedictine monks. They were not in those days mainly meant even for the worship of the multitude, nor of the secular but almost exclusively of those who were, with false exclusiveness, designated "the religious." Henceforth the Spirit of God, speaking in the progress of the ages, teaches us that Cathedrals must be comprehensive not exclusive ; must be not only for worship, but for service ; must be for the many, not only or mainly for the few. They must be tested by their usefulness ; they must be known by their fruits. They must not be aristocratic chapels for a few monks, or privileged persons ; but their effectiveness must be measured by the noble and progressive influence which they exercise, and by the rejoicing throngs which they gather beneath their roofs. Over every cathedral gate should be written Christ's "I have compassion on the multitude ;" and the truth which the spirit taught to St. Peter, "Verily I perceive that God is no respecter of persons."

If in these days a Cathedral has nothing to contribute to the amelioration of the race ; if it shows itself impotent to grapple with the sore needs of the present, and the menacing problems of the future, its glory is departed, its doom is sure ; and the voice which shall

shake its pinnacles into the dust will then be that which Isaiah pealed forth well-nigh three thousand years ago : "I hate, I despise your feasts days and your solemn assemblies. Who hath required this at your hands to tread my courts? Bring no more vain oblations. Incense is an abomination unto me. Iniquity with a solemn meeting I cannot endure. Wash you ; make you clean ; seek judgment ; relieve the oppressed ; judge the fatherless ; plead for the widow."

"A new impulse," says one of the most eloquent Bishops of our day, "is being awakened in countless hearts. I see them rising to their feet, the greatest host that time has ever known, and hear the murmur of millions speaking to millions across the sea in many languages. What there is in the Gospel to rectify the relations of human life, to elevate the selfishness of capital, and chasten the selfishness of labour, to carry to the homes of men improvement in the present, and hope for the future—that will find eager listeners. But, to the men of the near future, religion will appear to be a barren and useless step unless it be taught to clothe itself with the blossoms of worship and to bear the fruits of human love. The generation which is about to take our place will certainly judge the Church by her works. The influence which softens and brightens, which elevates, which improves, which sweetens, which does something for human society, which lays its subtle touch of healing upon the leprosy of life, will be welcomed first as a friend, ultimately as a messenger of Christ. Choose, then, my fellow Churchmen, which of the two you will :—a Church, which clinging to eternal verities, can sever the temporal and accidental from the



essential and the eternal ; a Church which can interpret the living words of love which come to us through Christ and His Apostles ; which can continue His ministry of love ; which can make worship a joy and duty a life ; which is a fountain of sweetness and possesses a touch of power ; which blesses and curses not ; yes ! this, or a Church reactionary and retrogressive, blundering on in ruinous precedents, extracting from the present nothing but its bitterness, from the past nothing but its mistakes ; maundering in its sleep antiquated formularies—no light in its filmy eyes, no health in its palsied hands, no deep spiritual worship on its icy lips." God forbid that to such emptiness of externalism, and mere superficiality of stereotyped opinion and ceremonial nullity, our Cathedrals should ever sink ! Only let them do their duty ; only let them rise to the height of their great argument, and they shall hear from heaven another voice, which shall say to them, "Behold, I will lay thy stones with fair colours, and thy foundations with sapphires : and all thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children."





**The Day of God and the Years of Men.**





# The Day of God and the Years of Men.

BY THE

RIGHT REV. W. BOYD CARPENTER, D.D.,

*Lord Bishop of Ripon.*

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*"For a day in Thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."—PSALM LXXXIV. 10.*

THERE is a great power which, I believe, lives in the heart and breast of every man, but which it is not every man that takes the trouble to exert, and that is the power of reading below the surface, of catching the inner meaning of things, and so waking the nature and circumstances of life to disclose their hidden meaning. I say it is a great power, because wherever it is bestowed life becomes beautiful and significant. I say it is a power which is seldom exercised, because the affairs of this life, the mere material

needs, the plentiful and abundant comforts, the striving after luxury, the competition after wealth, all tend to destroy that power, and to lead life to be rather painful and prosaic where it might be potent and poetical. These thoughts arise, I think, out of this Psalm. The verse I have read to you, is, as you know, a portion of one of the most beautiful of the Psalms, and one of the most familiar. The reader of it feels sympathy for the man who wrote it. He longs passionately for the Courts of the Lord, he envies those who are privileged to attend there, and he marks every spot on the road of approach thereto. It is full of meaning and full of beauty, because full of happy reminiscences to him. And as he thinks of his own exclusion, temporary it may be, from the temple of the Lord, he feels that it would be better for him to be there rather than to participate in any of the perilous and transient enjoyments of this life—one day in God's courts was to him better than a thousand; he would rather be a door-keeper in the house of his Lord than to dwell in the tents of ungodliness.

And now I would ask you to use that faculty of which I have spoken and endeavour to penetrate beneath the surface of the Psalmist's words. Doubtless, we feel that the outside thought is the thought of the Temple, and the spiritual happiness which can be enjoyed therein. But the principle which the words affirm is surely far deeper than this. We make a mistake, do we not? if we regard our worship in any one form at all as being the whole of religion. The value of worship is that it is an expression of something better and something greater. The Lord Himself "dwelleth not in temples

made with hands ;” and the glory and the splendour of the earthly temple is most in this : that it witnesses to Him, the limits of Whose power, and the greatness of Whose nature far transcend the most sumptuous of earthly buildings. It is the same with worship. The splendour of worship does not lie in the dignity of our services, in the harmony and beauty of their rendering ; but in the great fact that it is an expression of something which is far nobler, far deeper, far wider in range, and far more intimate in its influence on human life, namely, the great law and principle of communion between the heart of man and the heart of his Creator.

Therefore, I would ask you to realise that beneath the expression of which the Psalmist makes use there is a deep and abiding principle, something which is far greater, far nobler than any of those enjoyments of life which spring from either Time or Space ; in other words, that there is within man’s nature something which is far worthier than anything that implies material comfort, and that it is a nobler thing to be able to minister to the higher nature of man than it is to be able to minister to his lower nature. One day may be better than a thousand, and one spot may be nobler than the wide-spreading tents of the wealthier sons of men. It is a principle which is very obvious. Will you bear with me for a moment when I ask you to remember that there are some simple considerations which may impress upon our thoughts the permanent reality of this principle ? First, there is that which you may derive from the dissatisfaction of human life. Is it not the law of our nature that we are constantly feeling the discomforts and discontents of existence ? The very

simplest thought will explain to us why. We are complex, and we need that not only shall one part of our being be ministered to, but every part. We have this material body which is allied with the earth from which we sprung ; we have also the range of our understanding which can commune with the laws of nature around ; we have the deep-set sense of our own responsibility which can sit in a wondrous self-government to arraign our conduct ; and we have aspirations which will climb up into the very throne of God.

Each part of our nature requires sustenance—one part as much as the other. Our earthly frame needs food derived from the soil ; our minds need their nutrition ; and so we understand how it happens that a man who touches his daily food yet rises from it with the feeling, "Give me something nobler on which to feed than that which satisfies my body." The meal we take in the day gives, perchance, new energy to our frame, but it makes us more conscious of the pertinacious restlessness of our intellect, and like the old poet we cry, "Give me beside the food of my body, a great thought that I may feed upon it." But no amount of communing with great thoughts, the study of philosophy, the ransacking of the stores of human imagination, will ever satisfy all that lies within us. There are moments when we take up a simple paragraph in the newspaper, and feel that it satisfies us more than all that Plato has written or that Shakespeare has sung. The reason is simple. In that small paragraph we have read of some noble deed, and we feed on that noble deed and its story with still greater satisfaction than we feed on the higher thoughts the philosopher or poet has put before



us. Why is this? Because we are not mere intellect, for conduct is a large part, though not, I think, "three parts" of life. It is not merely the intellect that asks for food, but the conscience also, which delights in noble doings.

And even here we are not satisfied, for still there must steal upon us moments in which we would ask for something else—for the spirit within us that has ransacked the history of the past and fed upon noble deeds or noble thoughts, still yearns for something greater, and will not be satisfied unless it can feed upon the heart of the universe itself. The body may be satisfied with earthly food; the mind may be satisfied with wisdom's entertainment; the conscience may be satisfied when it has seen some noble deed, or felt a thrill of sympathy with what has been written of some noble deed; but the outcry of the human spirit is that it may find its food somewhere in the eternal thoughts which underlie all the universe, or rather may climb into His presence in Whom alone the spirit of man may be satisfied, and from Whom the spirit of man has sprung. Thus, then, we can see in the very nature of our being the reasons for its discontent.

No man is filled with all the food that these various parts of his nature need, and it is precisely because of the unfed condition of our nature that we cry out, "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity;" and that is the reason why the poet said, "I cannot leave my heart in this heap of mud." But there is another reason. There is the consciousness within us that there is something higher and nobler than Time or Space or material things can afford. It lies in this other reason that there

is a marvellous honour paid to everything which witnesses to that which is stronger than either Time or Space. The world is vulgar, we often say, by which we mean that the ambitions of men are very largely vulgar. No doubt it is true. I do not for a moment wish to say that it is otherwise than true that unfortunately the desire for material things lays a very strong hold upon our nature, and the competitions of life are not always for the highest things. The competition of life for wealth, for the means of displaying luxuries or superfluities more abundant or more striking than our neighbours, are all vulgar competitions. The more freely we admit this the more striking does the homage appear which a man invariably pays to that which is greater than Time or Space can afford. The luxuries of life belong to the things of Time and Space. Even a man whose life has been spent in hurried competition will pay homage to nobler things. Why does the parvenu when he has acquired wealth begin to ask what is the "correct thing" to do in furnishing his house? All the things that he has amassed in the vulgar competition of life he feels are insufficient; he will decorate his walls with pictures and line his corridors with sculptures; but he may not appreciate them, he may not understand their value; he may have none of the exquisite joy which the æsthetic nature has, but the very fact that he places them there is his unconscious homage to that which cannot be measured by the conditions of Time or Space.

When Sir Samuel Garth pleaded before the citizens of London because of their negligence of great men of their day, he said, "We have fallen on unhappy times;

men care more for commerce than high thought, for manufactures and the Stock Exchange, than for the verses of the poet. There were thousands upon thousands of men who would not listen to or relieve the needs of Dryden when he lived, and yet flocked to the Poets' Corner at Westminster to pay homage at his grave." There are things nobler than the things of Time or Space, and the very fact that the dead poet is honoured by men who cannot appreciate him in life, stands as evidence of the unwilling but still very real homage which they give sooner or later to things that are not transient.

There is another reason, and it is seen in the unceasing and increasing interest taken in the question of the history of religion. It is a tremendous mistake to imagine as the shallow and ignorant are disposed to do, that the question of religion has no interest for humanity. There never was an age in which the investigation of religion commanded a wider interest or evoked a deeper or more real spirit of investigation than at the present day. The reason of it is simple. Men ransack the folk-lore of the past; dig down into the mythologies of other lands; and analyse and classify their information. Is there any interest in these things that are no more to us than fairy tales, or the legends of the nursery? The interest in these things lies in this: behind them all is evidence of man's religious consciousness, and it is because of the profound interest which men have in the history of religion, and the profound belief they have that it is the noblest and highest thing which lies in the hand of human nature that has led them thus to investigate the story of the

past, because there they feel that if anywhere they are gathering evidence that there is something in man's nature which is nobler than that which Time or Space can satisfy, that there is in the higher nature of man evidence of kinship between him and that which is above all the accidents and all the changing things of the world.

The principle of the Psalmist seems to be clear. What then has Christianity done for this principle? Christianity comes and retakes the principle of which I have been speaking. There is something more than the mere thousand days which a man may live. There is something more than can be found in the most sumptuous of the tents of ungodly men. There is something which humanity asks for more than long life, and that consciousness is witnessed to in every creed and every race; but no race had so keen a sense of those higher things for man than had the Hebrew race. The Psalmist gives expression to it here. You may ransack the religious books of the past, and you will find that they seldom climbed so high as the Psalmist of Israel did, and seldom did they reach so high a level as we have here. The Psalmist says that long life is as nothing; for one day can give him more life than a thousand if it only catches hold of the thought of the Eternal, and all the splendour which the tents of wickedness can offer are nothing to the exquisite joy of man when he realises the presence of God.

After all, compared with what Christianity has done, these religious emotions and feelings of the past were very much like the fleeting colours of the rainbow—a

dream of what the Divine might be, of what religious thought would shape itself into. The spiritual was somehow mixed up with the magical; the spiritual was not free from the exercise on the one hand, of the mere changes or alterations of the laws of nature; and on the other hand from philosophical speculations; and it needed therefore that there should be a torch from heaven which would, somehow, fling down the essential elements out of this religious consciousness into such a form that men might take it up as a consolidated and intelligible whole. Christ took it, and when He spoke the first words almost of His public teaching, and gave to us those utterances which we call the Sermon on the Mount, He opened His mouth and laid down the very principle of which the Psalmist has been speaking, namely, that there is a joy greater than the joy of mere Time and Space, and happiness greater than that which any arrangement of the material affairs of life can give. That high state of happiness does not consist in long life, nor in comfort; but it consists in the disposition of the human soul and in its spiritual qualities. "Blessed is the man that is pure in spirit;" "Blessed are they that mourn;" "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst for righteousness."

These spiritual feelings and dispositions, said Jesus Christ, are the basis of happiness, and he who has these has that which gives him a larger share in life than any length of days can bestow, and a keener happiness than can be found in the tents of ungodliness. And so when He spoke to the woman of Samaria He summed up the very essence of sound faith in that one thought that the real joy of the human spirit and sense of human worship

is only found when it is truly spiritual. "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in Spirit and in Truth." It is not the length of your life nor the magnificence or abundance of your possessions, but it is the power of meeting God, the power of realising the exquisite joy when the Eternal Spirit of God meets our poor human spirit and lifts it up to that region compared with which the mere possessions of this life are as nothing. Those who would enter into the joy of His presence can only do so when they worship Him in Spirit and in Truth. Such is the Psalmist's principle; now as to the application of it. The principle is that there is something greater than either Time or Space can afford. The application of this principle to Time is that one day may be better than a thousand; to Space, that it is better to be a door-keeper in the House of God than to dwell in the tents of ungodliness.

Men who love to measure life from the lowest point of view, measure it by the length of days. Like the French King they will struggle to resist the oncoming of death. They would offer, though greedily grasping at this world's gain, all they have for one half-hour more of life. Those who live in a nobler region have no such feelings. Greater is the man who says, "Dishonour is worse than death; I can afford to die, but I cannot afford to live a life of dishonour." That man has more of manhood in him, and more capacity for the noblest offices of human life, than the man who grasps at life and cares not for dishonour. Therefore, I say, the highest and the noblest know that we dare not and cannot measure life by mere length of days.

Even in so low and frivolous a thing as our proverbs we recognise this principle. Why does a man say "Give me a short life and a merry one?" The expression may be flippant, but he means this: he supposes that life may have more joy when packed into a few years, than it may have in being protracted into the weakness and helplessness of old age. Those who go beyond the mere flippant proverb also know that the last thing you measure life by is length of days. You know you would rather be a bird that sings its little song all day and dies to-morrow, than the mere mountain head that lives for centuries and never sings a song at all. You would rather be the rational being with your three-score years and ten of life, than lead a mere animal existence in the forests of Africa, and live for two hundred years as the elephant. We do not measure human life in its value by mere length of days. You may extend your existence to the 160 or 170 years of an Old Parr or a Henry Jenkins, but who ever mentions their names except as curiosities, and who will dare to think of them in the same hour in which he speaks of a man like Raphael? There is more life in the one generation of years, than in the six generations given to men whose only plea to immortality is that they have outlasted their fellows. We know it to be true in our own experience that we do not measure our lives by the decades we have lived. When you chronicle out your story to your friend in your familiar hour, do you tell him of the thirty, forty, or fifty years you have lived? No, time vanishes; the measurement of years disappears. You measure your life by some thrilling incident—the moment when you stood upon the threshold of manhood and felt you

were a free, independent, and responsible agent. You lived more in that hour of coming of age than you did in the twenty years previously. The hour when you linked your life and lot with another was more to you, and gave you a fuller and purer consciousness of the meaning of existence than all the protracted hours that went before. We live by heart-throb and by emotion; and we may pack hours, aye, centuries, into our lives. Our own dramatist, Talfourd, when he describes the interview of King Adrastus with the executioner, on his return at the close of half-an-hour, makes the latter answer, "Only half-an-hour has passed since the command on which I went." And the King turned upon him—for in that wondrous interview all the past came before him; and he had lived through years of pain, hope, and disappointment—and exclaims, "Half-an-hour! years have rolled by since then."

These are the seed-memories of life; these are the moments in which we feel that the days of our life cannot be measured by mere length of time. Extend the principle and you will find that even in discovery there is something higher than length of time can give. When the apple fell before Newton the whole face of Nature was to him changed from what it was before in a moment. What does religion do for this principle? Look back for a moment upon history if you will. What are the years and generations of the Pharaohs, what are the wondrous epochs of Chinese history, what are the prodigious dynasties in the history of the world, compared with those three years in which Christ the Redeemer wrought? There was more in that time than in all the generations of the dynasties of the Pharaohs,



and more took place in those three years than ever had taken place in the centuries that preceded them.

What is it then that Christianity does? Christianity comes to us in the person of Christ, and says that time is nothing to those upon whose hearts Eternity has dawned. Here lies the great thought: measure all things by length of days, but God is Eternal, and in His presence Time is annihilated. For this reason the Psalmist says, "One day in His courts is better than a thousand." What is it that this House of Prayer shall witness to, this House that has just been renovated and beautified? Remember, its significance lies in this: it is a witness to you that Time may be absorbed and annihilated in the prodigious interests of Eternity. One day may be better than a thousand when you enter into God's House and pray. What meets in your heart at that moment? You pray, and the past is with you—"we have erred and strayed." You pray, and the future is with you; your heart is filled with anxieties and cares and you ask Him to take your life into His guidance. The past and the future are with you; the moment you kneel, the past and future have vanished, because forgiveness annihilates the past and His presence anticipates the future. Time is swallowed up in the presence of the Eternal. A man, if he be a true worshipper loses the apprehensions which arise from the past and from the contemplation of the future in the realisation of the presence of the Eternal. In His presence there is no past and no future, because His existence is one boundless NOW. It is the power of that eternal principle which every sanctuary of God witnesses to man. It tells us that the moments we have expended upon these loftier

thoughts are moments of more real life than years of pleasure and sin.

I ask you lastly to look at the application of this principle as regards Space—the tents of the ungodly. It stands for the image of that which is the most sumptuous and splendid which the material world can bring. You can imagine a conqueror sitting in his tent, with his captured slaves and his soldiers ready to minister to him. The sound of riot and of revel is there, and you understand how envious are the eyes that are cast at such a moment when revelry and triumph go hand in hand, and material conquest and pomp have joined together their powers. “Yet,” says the Psalmist, “I look at the door-keeper in God’s House, and I would rather be in his station than be yonder with those.” Do you measure goodness and happiness by splendour and sumptuousness? You know you do not; for why do you speak in your romantic moments of “love in a cottage” if you don’t mean something by it? The something you mean is that where there is harmony of disposition, where there is true, dutiful, loving service between man and man, there there is more genuine happiness than in all the palaces of the great, and all the mansions of the opulent; in other words, it means that you do not in your better moments measure things by their sumptuousness or splendour, or by your position or estate. The Psalmist watches the sanctuary of God and sees the ministers who are there; he sees the man who stands by the door and flings open the portals of God’s House to let worshippers in; he hears the noise from the tents of the ungodly and knows that though their tent doors may be open, and you may

hear the sound of mirth and enjoyment, those are doors that are closing before the advancing footsteps of men who are desiring better things. "I would rather open the doors in the House of God than be waited on in ungodly tents." When he tells us this, he tells us of that which Christ gave emphasis to. The wonder of Christ dealing with all the principles which are floating about in the world lies in this: not that He gave us new principles, but what He did was better. He gave us Eternal principles and so made them new. "It was a new commandment," as St. John said, but it was an old commandment also. Just as colours need to be fixed with a mordant so as to be serviceable, Christ came, and with His power put a mordant into these principles; and gave them a spiritual place in the spiritual economy of man. Mark what Christ did. He took up the very thought of the Psalmist, and said, "Life does not find its joy in being ministered to but in ministering," and so He ministered. He took up the thought again, and said, "Men are always struggling for the splendour of their houses, the number of their retainers, the quantity of their servants, and the abundance of the things they possess. Life does not consist in these things, but in usefulness and in the good that is done. It is better to be a door-keeper in the House of God than to enter upon the servitude and cringing flattery that waits on wealth."

Let me ask you, in conclusion, to consider two things. This sanctuary of the Lord in which you rejoice, and rightly rejoice for all its exceeding magnificence and hallowed associations and memories, consecrated, perchance, by even the sadness which fell like a cloud upon

you at the very moment of this your festival—when you feel your interest in this great cathedral with so many memories, such noble historical associations, cherish it and value it if you will, but remember its deepest value lies where the Psalmist pointed out the value of the sanctuary—it stands as a witness to your life and mine that there is something greater than Time, there is a joy that is nobler than length of days can give, and there is a life work that is greater than anything that can be achieved either by the hand of industry or the contrivance of ambition. It stands as a witness of that which is allied to spiritual happiness and the spiritual powers of man. When you enter in remember that the way in which you approach it depends upon the attitude of your mind and the disposition of your heart. Let the sacred song not merely rise and linger about the arches over your head, but let it go upwards towards God. Let the prayers not merely be said in your ears but in your hearts. Yes, “enter into His gates with praise,” but remember the great correlative lesson, the hallowed injunction of His entrance into our Gates, that the act of worship may be accomplished, and that the soul of man may rise above the things of Time and appreciate its spiritual inheritance. Open then your hearts to receive Him, and remember that the highest thought given to us by the Apostles concerning ourselves is this: “Ye, too, are the temples of the Lord,” and it is as He enters in and dwells within us that the thoughts of time and the ambitions of life, and the world’s desires become perishable things; because the living God has entered into our hearts, we enter into the significance and grandeur of life, its vulgar things perish, and our

ambitions are not there, but where He is seated at the right hand of God. We ascend, as it were, to Him, we take our place not as mere citizens of the earth struggling for its vulgar rewards, but as citizens of Heaven who have the hope of rejoicing in Him and His eternal presence.





The Temple not Made with Hands.







# The Temple not Made with Hands.

BY THE

RIGHT REV. NORMAN D. J. STRATON, D.D.,

*Lord Bishop of Sodor and Man.*

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*"Seeing that we have a great high priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession. For we have not an high priest that cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."—HEBREWS IV. 14, 15, 16.*

THE Epistle to the Hebrews has been well described as an Epistle of contrasts. The author begins by contrasting Him, through Whom the New Testament revelation was given, with the prophets through whom God spake to men in the olden time.

Next he contrasts Him with the angels, then with Moses, the mediator of the First Covenant, and lastly, with Aaron and his successors in the office of high priest. His object in each case is to show the immense superiority of Christ, the great privileges which attach to the Covenant of which He is at once the Priest, the Prophet, and the King; and lastly, the increased responsibilities which these greater privileges entail on us. Perhaps I need hardly say that the part of the Epistle which deals with the last of these contrasts, opens with the verses which I have taken for my text this evening. They are verses which seem to me singularly appropriate for our consideration at this season of the Christian year, and also at this period in the history of your own Cathedral, for they point us to the Heavenly Temple—the Temple made without hands, to which in thought the services of our earthly temples should ever lead us.

In drawing your attention to them let me speak to you, in the first instance, of what they set before us as regards the greatness, the dignity, and the exaltation of our great High Priest. “Seeing then (says the Author of the Epistle) that we have a great High Priest, (that is, great in comparison to Aaron), that is passed into the Heavens.” Well, the first question that arises concerns the reasons of this greatness. And I would point out to you, first, that He is spoken of here as “great,” because of the dignity of His Person. We may well remember, that while St. Peter speaks to us of the angels of God as great in power and in might, yes, so great and so powerful that the mightiest of earth have trembled in their presence, after all, the High

Priest, Who is ascended into the Heavens, is far greater, for to none of these angels did the Father ever say what He said to Christ: "Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten Thee." Mighty, and clothed with dignity beyond all conception, are the angels and archangels of God, glorious beings who surround His throne, and do His will continually, but He Who has passed into the Heavens for our sakes is greater. For while on the one hand He took on Him our nature, on the other hand God regards Him as His equal and His Fellow, and, "all power is given to Him in Heaven and in earth." But, again, our Lord is here described as great because of the magnitude of His sacrifice. We read in the First Book of Kings, that on the occasion of the dedication of the first temple, King Solomon offered sacrifices innumerable, but if we could number them, and accurately appraise their value in God's sight, they would sink into utter insignificance by the side of the great voluntary sacrifice of the Creator for the creature—the sacrifice of which St. Paul thus spake to the Ephesian elders: "Take heed therefore unto yourselves, and to all the flock, over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the Church of God, which He hath purchased with His own blood." The third reason I would give you why our Lord is here spoken of as "great" is because of the unchangeableness of His High Priesthood. We know how dignified was this office in the olden time. We know that no man dared to assume it to himself, save he who was Divinely called to it, as Aaron. We know, too, even as regards the priesthood, that the sin of Korah was the fact that he sought it when it did not belong to him.

But although this dignity appertained to the office of high priest, there was just this element of weakness about it: it was an office that no single occupant ever occupied continuously. The High Priesthood of Aaron passed to Eleazar, and that of Eleazar passed to his sons. "They, truly, were many priests, but they were not suffered to continue by reason of death." But this God man, Christ Jesus, because He continueth ever, hath an unchangeable priesthood," one which passeth not from one to another, a priesthood quite distinct from that of Aaron, one that is exercised in the power of an endless life: "Thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec." Again, our Lord is here spoken of as "great," because of His all-prevailing merits and the power of His intercession. Under the Jewish law there were sins for which no kind of atonement could be made. Persons who committed them were cut off by death, or otherwise, from the Jewish community. But when St. Paul went to Antioch in Pisidia, and preached to the Jews there, he said, "By Him all that believe are justified from all things from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses." Great in respect of making atonement were Aaron and his successors, but far greater is our Lord Jesus Christ. The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin; He is able to save to the uttermost all that come to God through Him. And greater is He, too, than the priests of days gone by, in respect of His intercession; for while they could only go into the presence of God and express their desires, our Lord Jesus Christ can say, as in the seventeenth chapter of St. John's Gospel, "Father, I will," and as He Himself once said to His Father, "I know that Thou hearest Me always."

One reason more for His greatness is—His power in reading human hearts. Just recall for one moment the scene depicted for us in the opening of the First Book of Samuel. We see there a picture of Eli, a high priest, after the order of Aaron, utterly misreading an earnest worshipper. But you cannot find a parallel for this in the case of Christ. I ask you, you who have some experience of the Christian life, has Christ ever misread, mistaken, or misunderstood you? Surely He needs not that any should testify to Him what is in man, for He made man, and He knows man, and He needs not that any should explain and interpret to Him what are the prayers we offer even “with groanings which cannot be uttered.” No! as He pleads for us in the Temple above, He, in His heart-searching power, knows what is the mind of the Spirit in the prayers He inspires, and He takes and presents them, and obtains a gracious answer for us from the throne of grace. Very well, then, our Lord is here described as “great” because of the dignity of His person; because of the magnitude of His sacrifice; because of the unchangeableness of His priesthood; because of the efficacy of His intercession and atonement; and in the last place, because of His power of reading human hearts.

But there is something else said with respect to Christ. We read that He “has passed into the Heavens.” There is a little correction that needs to be made here. To translate it accurately we should read that “He has passed *through* the Heavens.” Now, what was in the mind of the author of the Epistle when he wrote these words? I believe that two thoughts underlaid them. In the first place he was reflecting on the action of the

Jewish high priest on the great day of Atonement, when, having offered the sacrifice outside the tabernacle or the temple, he passed through the holy place, with all that it signified, into the inner sanctuary, there to plead for the people. But these object lessons had had their day. Well suited were they to the Church in the days of its infancy ; but for the Church in its maturity, or shall I say for matured Churchmen, the reality has taken the place of the shadow, the shadow has given place to the substance, the type to the antitype, the yearly and constant sacrifice to the offering "offered once for all." What the Church needs to grasp now is that her great High Priest has passed through all that the first tabernacle prefigured—passed through the lower heavens, passed through the higher heavens, yes, passed into the presence of God Himself, there to receive the full equivalent for His precious death and blood-shedding, even eternal redemption for us. That, I think, is the first thought which suggests these words. Now for the second. The writer wished to give expression to his sense of the dignity and greatness conferred on Christ by this exaltation. See, I pray you, how the Holy Spirit of God was ever pressing home this thought in the pages of inspiration. I look back to a period of a thousand years before the Saviour was born, and I find how the Holy Spirit of God comes into the heart of David, and leads him, as in prophetic vision he sees the ascension of Christ, to exclaim, "The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou at my right hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool." The ascension then was a climax in the mind of David. Then I note how a thousand years after, on the day of Pentecost, St. Peter takes up these

words of David, and quotes them to the multitude, and points out to them that David, the great king, of whom they all thought so much, had not been exalted to the right hand of God, but Jesus Christ Whom they had crucified had ascended there. And then St. Paul takes up the same thought in the eighth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, and when he wishes to impress upon the Church the truth that there is no condemnation for the believer, he does not merely refer us to the death of Christ, or the resurrection of Christ, he does not merely say that Christ is dead and risen again, but that Christ sits on the right hand of God, a position so exalted and dignified, that he describes it to the Ephesians as "far above all rule, and authority, and power, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come."

But let me turn your thoughts, in the second place, to the practical duties which the acceptance of these great truths should impose upon us. "Seeing then," says the author of the Epistle, "that these things are so, let us, in the first place, hold fast our profession." If I mistake not, two reasons operated to suggest this exhortation. First, I think there is a reason which is unexpressed—one which he knew to exist in the Hebrew mind at that time; and secondly, there is a reason which he does express, and which he finds in the character of Christ. As to the reason unexpressed, well did the writer of the Epistle know the temptation which existed among the Hebrew Christians to fall away from Christ, and to go back into the camp of those who had rejected Him. Their attachment to the temple-worship; the necessity imposed on them by Annas, their high priest, to make choice between Judaism

and Christianity ; their inability to perceive that Christianity was the fulfilment of the law, and not its destruction—all these things constituted a temptation to draw back, so subtle and so strong, that they were in a position of extreme danger. And who can doubt that one chief reason why the author of the Epistle speaks of the dignity of Christ, and the greatness of His exaltation is, to warn them against thus falling away? But what I wish to impress on you is this—that we have here a ground of appeal which is no less urgent, as regards ourselves, than it was with regard to the Hebrew Christians in days gone by. As the present learned Bishop of Durham has said in his “Introduction to the Epistle to the Hebrews,” “Every student of this Epistle must feel that it deals in a peculiar degree with the thoughts and the trials of our own time.” These are striking words, and I should like to try and apply them. To compromise, not to take our stand definitely on the side of what we know to be true, to tamper with truth, to follow expediency, and to let opportunism be our guide, this, in too many of the various callings of life, is one of the most marked temptations of the age in which our lot is cast. “We have passed,” said Archbishop Magee, “from the extreme of burning men for their opinions, to the extreme of believing that there are no definite opinions worth holding or being burned for.” It is not too much to say that we have not only to resist the temptations of the great trinity of evil to which Christians in all ages have been exposed ; but that we are tempted in these days, even as the Hebrew Christians were in the first century, to mingle systems which cannot be mingled, and like them, to become so wedded to the



caskets of truth, that we are almost inclined to sacrifice the jewels they contain. And so strong was the temptation in their case, that nothing less than the battering rams of Titus, and the demolition of this temple, brought them to their senses in this respect, and led them to see that the externalism of the old Covenant was decaying, vanishing, and ready to pass away. Therefore, while on the one hand I call your attention to the greatness, the dignity, and the majesty of Christ, who, as at this season passed through the Heavens into the presence of God most High, on the other I warn you not to let anything cause you to fail to hold fast your profession of faith in Him as the one mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus. But besides this implied basis of appeal, there is another ground on which the author urges his plea, and one which he finds in the character of Christ. And he urges it not merely to lead us to hold fast to our profession, but also to come boldly to the throne of grace. "Let us hold fast, and let us come boldly, for we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities." I have been speaking to you so far only of the greatness, the dignity, and the majesty of Christ, but don't let us forget the other side of the picture—don't let us forget His tenderness as well. This is the thought on which we are here specially invited to dwell. And these two sides of His character—strength and tenderness—are the two sides which go to make the perfect man, and are exhibited not only in His life, and in the sacred writings generally, but in a very special and a very beautiful manner, are they brought into the same field of vision, in the narrative of

His ascension into Heaven. Look for one moment at the scene which took place on the summit of Olivet. The disciples see Him taken from them, His arms are extended in the attitude of blessing. Slowly and majestically He begins to rise ; they watch Him until the cloud intercepts their view. Awe-struck they listen attentively, "till," as one has beautifully said, "they must have almost caught the echoes of the song of the angelic convoy as they cried to their comrades on the battlements of the Heavenly City, 'Open ye the Gates and the King of Glory shall come in.'" Who will doubt that the disciples were now filled with an overwhelming sense of His majesty and dignity? But was it intended that they should lose all thought of His tenderness as well? Oh, no! Two men in white apparel, the messengers of the Saviour, appear to them and ask, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into Heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into Heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into Heaven." This same Jesus! Yes! this great ascended High Priest of ours is still the same as when He lived on earth, and His ascension-glory has by no means dulled His tender human sympathy. Still is He the same Who stood and wept by the grave of Lazarus ; the same Who took the little children in His arms ; the same Who spake the parable of the prodigal son ; and Who said, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden," and "him that cometh I will in no wise cast out." May I not well ask what more could be suggested to you to lead you to come boldly to the throne of grace than what the writer of the Epistle here puts before us? But yet he does urge just one plea more, for he tells us that He was

“tempted in all points—don’t minimise that ‘all’—like as we are, yet without sin.” I don’t know how it is with you, but for my part I would say I don’t think we can live very long in this world and note the workings of the human heart, without observing that this plea is far from being in harmony with the popular view. The idea of a sinless Mediator, Who of all mediators is the most lenient, kind, and gracious, and the most ready to receive the sinner, is not the view which most religionists take, else why does the larger part of Christendom adopt a system of earthly mediators, and of prayers to departed saints, and especially to the mother of our Lord? The idea is that one who has been tempted, and has yielded, will be more lenient and more kind than one who has been tempted and has never fallen at all. But though that is the popular idea, is it the true one? Recollect, the public are not always right. Think of two scripture narratives which, with inimitable fitness, have been brought to bear on this passage by one of our modern writers. Here, on the one hand, is David, the King. On a certain memorable occasion in his life, the prophet Nathan comes to him and tells him of a man who has committed a heinous sin. “What shall be done to this man?” is the question. “The man who has done this thing,” replies the king, “shall surely die.” Was that lenient judgment? No; but it was the judgment of a man who had been tempted and had fallen, and who had forgotten that the prophet was just about to say to him, “Thou art the man!” Here, on the other hand, I see a crowd of clamouring Scribes and Pharisees asking that a certain guilty woman shall be put to death. Will not the sinless High Priest condemn her? No; all

He will do is to bid the first sinless one in the crowd, if such there be, to cast the first stone, a circumstance which proves to my mind that the harsh are usually the sinful and fallen, and that the sinless One alone will say, "Neither do I condemn thee : go and sin no more."

Now for two closing thoughts. First, with this beautiful picture of Christ before you, so appropriate at this season, I would say, go and act upon it. Of what use is it to know that Christ is strong and great, and able to save to the uttermost all who come to Him—yes, and tender and loving as well—what use, I say, is it to know these things, unless we go and tell Him of our sin and need ? I ask you, Christian people of Norwich, to use this beautifully restored temple of yours yet more and more as the ante-chamber to the Temple on high, where the great High Priest has gone to plead for you ; for, depend upon it, no one deals so lovingly and so tenderly with the soul which has lost its footing in the stream of temptation as He Who by breasting it has ascertained its force. And then, secondly, as you think of Christ in the Heavenly Temple above, whither He has ascended for you, believe also that He is there as your Fore-runner. There is an immense difference, in this respect, between the Christian in this dispensation and the Jew in the dispensation which is gone. Into the inner Sanctuary went the Jewish high priest once a year, not to tarry, not to dwell, and rigidly alone. Therefore, although the object of all religion is, as the word implies, to bring and bind God and man together, and to provide a way of access for man to God, to the Jew, the inner sanctuary—the abode of God—was a place of terror. This was one of the faults of the Jewish system ; this was one of the

respects in which the Jewish system made nothing perfect. But when Jesus Christ ascended into Heaven it was as our Fore-runner. There was no prospect for the Jew that he would ever reach the presence of God ; but when Jesus Christ ascended into the Temple not made with hands, it was as our Fore-runner to prepare a place for us. As our collect puts it, He invites us now in heart and mind thither to ascend and with Him continually to dwell. And when life is ended He leads us to look forward to the fulfilment of His own blessed prayer, that prayer which in the might of His intercession shall be fulfilled : " Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given me may be with me where I am, that they may behold My glory." " Seeing then that we have a great High Priest, that is passed into the Heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession. For we have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feelings of our infirmities ; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."





## Redemption and Resurrection.







## Redemption and Resurrection.

BY THE

RIGHT REV. JOHN C. RYLE, D.D., *Lord Bishop  
of Liverpool.*

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*"For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God."—JOB XIX. 25, 26.*

THE words I have read for my text are probably well known to the large number of Churchmen I see before me to-night. They are words which stand at the beginning of our Burial Service. Matchless as that Service is in composition it is no less matchless in the thoughts it contains. There are some who find fault with the Prayer Book of the Church of England; but I am bold to say that the combined wisdom of those who find fault will never point to a better Service for the burial of the Christian dead than that contained in the Liturgy

of our Church. Many of us have heard that Service with aching hearts and tearful eyes. The day will come when that Service will be read very near to us, and yet we shall not hear it. We shall be far away from this world, as far as our souls are concerned, and the Service we so often heard read while we lived will be lost to us entirely when we are in our coffins.

But why did the compilers of our matchless Liturgy introduce these verses at the beginning of our Burial Service? Those grand old men to whom we are indebted for the glorious Liturgy of the Church of England had, beyond all doubt, a special meaning and intention. They placed these verses at the beginning of the Service with the desire of impressing on men's minds at that solemn time the two great truths of the Redemption of man's soul and the Resurrection of man's body. They wished to turn the thoughts of mourners to that blessed Saviour Whom to know is life eternal, and to lead them to remember the great promise He has held out to all who believe in Him and put their trust in His name.

Let us look for a moment at the two great truths brought before us in the words of Job. First and foremost we have an expression of his confidence concerning his *soul*; secondly, we have his expectation with regard to his *body*. We who are met together in this fine old building, renewed and restored so beautifully as it is, have souls that must give an account at the Judgment Seat, and bodies which must one day die. Let me pray your attention, then, to the two great thoughts conveyed by the text.

(I.) There can be no doubt that Job was one of the

holiest men of whom the Old Testament speaks. More than once we find him mentioned by the prophet Ezekiel. Noah, Daniel, and Job were the holiest men in Old Testament times. That Job was a holy man we have no doubt after the declaration of the Holy Ghost, and that he was a godly man Scripture fully testifies. Yet holy and godly as he was, I ask you to take particular notice that he puts no confidence in his own goodness. He looks not at the life he had lived, nor at the high character he had held in that part of the world in which his lot was cast. His trust was in nothing whatever of the kind, but in the mighty object which he puts before his soul, namely, a Redeemer, a living Redeemer, an actual living Person in Whom he had been taught by the Holy Ghost to place his confidence. The object of Job's trust is the Person Who shall deliver him in the world to come, the Person who shall be his substitute before Almighty God, and rescue him from the consequences of sin.

Let me call your attention to the great broad fact that of all the Old Testament Saints the same might be said. What we so plainly and clearly look back upon now, they saw, "as looking through a glass darkly," in the dim and distant future. From Abel, the first saint, down to John the Baptist, who died before Jesus Christ was crucified, all looked to a Saviour who was to be born of a woman, Who should bruise the serpent's head, and deliver men from the guilt and consequences of sin, and from the wrath of God that sin deserved. You find the same thing continually brought forward in New Testament times, namely, redemption worked out by Jesus Christ. St. Paul, for

example, tells us in the Epistles to the Ephesians and to the Colossians that "we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins;" and in his Epistle to the Galatians, he says, "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us."

This is what St. Peter speaks of in his Epistle when he says, "Ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers; but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a Lamb without blemish and without spot." And in the wonderful Book of Revelation we read, "Thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood." Redemption by the blood of a Sacrifice, Redemption from sin and the consequences of sin by the Redeemer and the blood of that Redeemer, is the grand truth by which we are confronted in the writings of all the Apostles in the New Testament.

This is the great meeting point in all Christendom at this day. We Christians are a divided people, I frankly confess. Look at the many divisions of Christians—Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Congregationalists—men of all kinds of names and professions, but men who bear the character of Christians. How many things there are wherein they differ, both in regard to their church government, the manner of their worship, and the way in which they conduct many of the external things of religion.

But there is one point on which the really godly men among them ever agree, and that is the point of Redemption by our Lord Jesus Christ. Such men as

Chalmers, Wesley, Judson, Spurgeon, were all of one mind as to that, and trusted to the one Redeemer for the pardon of their souls. This, I say, is the meeting point of all the saints of God. I look forward with joy to the time when this world has passed away, and we are gathered together in a better world. We shall find that the points we had agreed upon were many, and the points we had disagreed on were few; that the points we had agreed upon were of great importance, and that the points we had disagreed upon were of comparatively small moment. The teaching of the Holy Ghost, when once He convinces men and women of sin, when He makes them think of their souls and of the world to come, and awakens them out of the deep sleep in which we are all naturally enveloped, is always to bring before them what Jesus Christ has done. He came into the world for us. He bore our sins for us, and by the suffering of His own body He wrought out Redemption for us on the Cross. To this point the Holy Ghost ever leads men and women when He touches them, and makes their hearts really feel, and their minds really alive about Salvation.

Many of you who have children have often observed that a child when he is not really hungry may be satisfied with any trifling toy. But when he is hungry, and his wants need to be satisfied, all the toys in the world will not quiet him; he wants food, and until he gets that food nothing will content him. So is it with the soul of man. We are all easily contented as long as we have everything smooth and pleasant, and feel not the pleadings of our conscience. But let the Holy Ghost stir our conscience, what will be the consequence?

When a man begins to think of his past life, and his sins make him consider his debt to God, then nothing will satisfy him but the great truth brought before us in the text. He begins to find out, "I must have a Redeemer; I must have one to appear for me before God; I must have a mediator between my soul and God; I must have Christ;" Christ is the only bread that will satisfy him; Christ is the only water of life that will quench his thirst; Christ is the only real and true comforter, and his soul will derive happiness from none other. God grant that everyone here may learn these things before it is too late. Don't put on your religion as a mere Sunday cloak, and be content with a little outward form. Try everyone of you to really find out your debt to God, the length and breadth and height of your sinfulness. Lay hold of your Redeemer, and never rest till you feel in your own mind, "Christ is mine, and I am His."

(II.) What was Job's expectation about his body? "My Redeemer liveth, and shall stand at the latter day upon the earth." His was not a dead but a living Christ. And then he goes on to speak of the expectation about his body, "though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." He spoke as one oppressed with sore disease, but with the strong confidence of a good man that his Redeemer lived not for Himself only, but for the benefit of His people, and would come in due time to raise his body from the grave, and make it a new body, a better body, and a glorified body. Here you have a great truth brought before you, a truth on which many sermons might be preached, the truth concerning the second

Advent, the Resurrection, and the raising of the body from the grave of every one of Jesus Christ's people. Christ has ordained and arranged that when the last day arrives, He will come a second time to this earth. The world has not done with Him. Pontius Pilate and the high priests rejoiced in the thought that when He was crucified on the Cross they had done with this Christ for ever. Little did they understand that this Christ hanging upon the Cross, was yet to come again in glorious majesty in the clouds of heaven, with all His Father's Angels around Him, to raise the dead, to gather all before the Judgment Seat, and to judge those who sentenced Him to the Cross.

This second coming of Christ is one of the greatest truths that underlie the foundations of our religion. He is not only a living Christ, a Christ that is ever making intercession for us, a Christ that is as much alive as any one in this Cathedral, but a Christ that will come again to raise the dead, a Christ that will gather together all His people and give them the blessed reward that they have gained through Him. This is what Enoch, that old patriarch and marvellous man—who left the world no one knowing how, yet God took him—looked forward to when he spoke of the Lord coming “with ten thousand of His Saints.” He saw it with his strong faith, and was a firm believer that the promised seed of the woman should come and stand upon the earth.

This is what we find the other prophets, Daniel and Isaiah, speaking of again and again—the coming of the Saviour and the resurrection of the dead. We find our Lord and the Apostles continually bringing

forward the same great truth. "I know that he shall rise again at the last day, and that there will be a resurrection of the dead," was part of Mary's faith when she met our Lord near the grave of Lazarus. From the time when Jesus Christ ascended, the Disciples never ceased to preach not merely that Christ had died for us, but that Christ would come again, and that there would be a resurrection of the just and the unjust at the last great day.

I doubt very much whether we in this nineteenth century realise the high importance and dignity which the Apostles assigned to the resurrection when the Lord Jesus Christ returns. The resurrection of Christ at the beginning proves clearly that the body can be raised again, and that it was meant as a pledge to us of our own resurrection. I doubt if this is dwelt upon enough in Christian pulpits at the present day. We ought to impress upon people not merely the truth of a dying Christ, but of a risen Christ, a Christ Who has been victorious over the grave, and after a certain number of days ascended into heaven. This pre-figured the resurrection of all mankind. They that believe in Him, and they who do not believe in Him, shall come forth from the grave, as St. John says, "Some to the resurrection of life, and some to the resurrection of damnation."

Other nations before they received the revelation of the Word of God, had vague notions of the world to come. But how poor and weak and vain were all their notions in the absence of the teaching of Holy Scripture. The Greeks and Romans spoke of the world to come as the Elysian-fields, where good men were to go after



death and be in perpetual happiness. But what kind of happiness was it? The happiness of ghosts and spirits, not the happiness of men with bodies. When Homer describes his great heroes in the Elysian-fields with all his imaginative faculty and fancy, he only speaks of them as spirits that could speak and think. There was no material reality about them. How vastly different is it in the Word of God, and the teachings of the true Resurrection which the Gospel puts before us. These bodies are to rise again—these bodies in which you walk up and down the world, in which you do your business, write your letters, and speak kindly to, or well, or ill of each other, these bodies have got a world to come and a life that is beyond the grave. It is not “all over” as people say when they see a hearse going past to the grave. It is not all over, it is but the beginning. The world to come is the true world, the world in which we shall be in a new body. But whether we shall go into a new world in which we shall be happy, or a world in which we shall be miserable, is the great problem that we ought to put before us, and seriously consider.

Let me entreat you to hold fast these great leading principles of our most Holy Faith. Hold fast the faith that Christ was not only a great Person and Saviour—a perfect Teacher and example—but hold fast the great fact that He died and suffered for our sins that He might bring us unto God. He is even now on the right hand of God in the heavens, making intercession for us continually. Look frequently at the mighty truth that He means to come again, when He shall appear in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory, and we

shall all rise from our graves, and come forth to meet Him face to face. 'There is far more to follow, than people generally suppose, in being a really true Christian. It is not merely the pardoning of our sins, nor strength for duty and comfort in trial, while we live ; but there is beyond the grave a better and more glorious world to which we may look forward. Let us remember the assembling of God's saints, the meeting of dear friends. I count upon meeting my dear old friend, the late Lord Bishop of this Diocese (whose remains were brought into this Cathedral only nine days ago), whom I had known for over fifty years as one of the holiest, most godly, and consistent men I had ever met. Him and many another whom we have known and loved and prayed with shall we meet. But we shall meet them far better than when they departed, with bodies made perfect, bodies that are able to serve God night and day, and meet them never to part again. There will be no more farewells, no more weeping and parting in the world yet to come, which is to follow the second coming of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and the resurrection of our bodies.

Speaking to the many hundreds of strangers whom I see before me, I desire to bear my testimony strongly and faithfully to the two great truths of the Redemption—the perfect Redemption—obtained for sinners by the precious blood of our Divine Jesus Christ, and to the second coming of our Lord, and the Resurrection of our bodies. These are the great truths on which we ought to anchor our souls, while we also thank God for all the other glorious truths which the Gospel of Jesus Christ contains. That Gospel provides everything that anyone can need.

The greatest sinner, the most careless and thoughtless man or woman in this Cathedral, has no reason to sit down in despair. There is hope for everyone, hope in Christ, hope through His blood, hope through His intercession, hope through all His willingness to save and receive you, when He says, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." If you want to have rest, and to go through the world without being cast down and broken-hearted, lay hold of the hand of Jesus Christ, the blessed Saviour Who died for you, Who waits for you, and Who says, "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out."

Let us ever praise God for this glorious Gospel. Search your own hearts and ask whether you have really laid hold of the invitation of Christ. Have you had business dealings with Him Who loves you, and would fain be one with you? Where is the use of having a vague religion which brings no comfort to you? Cast it aside, and lay hold firmly on that Saviour who for the last eighteen hundred years since His ascension has been interceding for His people. Lay hold of Him, and doubt not that He will receive you and put your name down in the Lamb's Book of Life. Think how many there are who have found peace in Him. Look forward, you that are wearied and in sorrow, because of those who have been taken away from the family circle, you who often exclaim :—

"O for the touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still."

If you put your whole confidence in Him, and become the believing servants of Jesus Christ, there is

hope for you, hope for meeting those who have gone,  
at a gathering far more blessed than any Whitsuntide  
meeting, when the last trump shall sound, when we  
shall be changed, and when the King of Kings, the  
Lord of Lords, and the Master of Princes shall come to  
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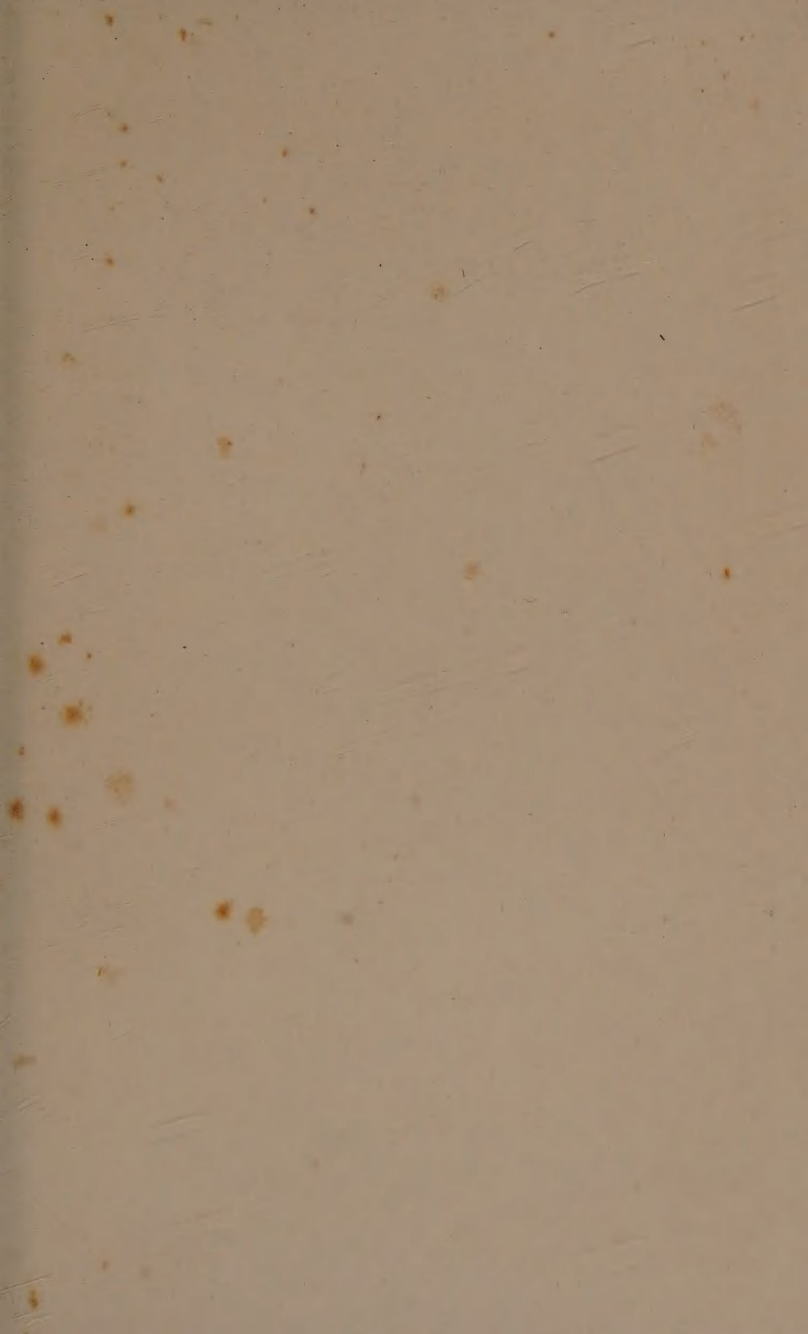
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